

The Corsair.

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THE WIFE TO THE WOOR.

BY SIR E. LYTTON BULWER, BART.

Well, then, since scorn has failed to cure
The love you press so blindly,
For once your reasons I'll endure,
And answer follies kindly:
I'll grant that you, more fair and gay
Than Luke to some may be;
But light itself, when he's away,
Is never gay to me!
Then go—then go; for, whether or no
He's fair, he's so to me!

It's words your summer-love may wreath
In florid smiles and gladness,
His lips, more often, only breathe
The trouble and the sadness.
But ah! so sweet a trust to truth,
That confidence of care!
More joy one grief of his to soothe
Than all your bliss to share.
Then go—then go; for, whether or no
He grieve, 'tis bliss to share!

You say that he can meet or leave
Unmoved—content without me;
Nor reck's what snares Neglect may weave—
To heedless ev'n to doubt me.
Ah! jealous cares are poor respect!
He knows my heart, my guide;
And what you deem is to neglect,
I feel is to confide!
Then go—then go; for, whether or no
I'll think he does confide.

And Luke, you say, can sternly look,
And sometimes speak severely;
Your eyes, you vow, could ne'er rebuke—
Your whispers breathe austerely.
How know you of the coming cares,
His anxious eyes foresee!
Perhaps the shade his temper wears
Is thought for mine and me!
Then go—then go; for, whether or no
His frown has smiles for me!

But Luke, you hint, to others gives
The love that he denies me;
And hard, you say, in youth to live,
Without one heart to prize me!
Well, if the parent rose be shed,
The buds are on the stem;
My babes!—his love can ne'er be dead,
Its soul has fled to them.
Then go—then go!—His rival? No:
His rival lives in them!

IMAGINARY COMPANIONS.

There are probably not many who have had the misfortune (and well it may be called so, for of all earthly calamities it is the sharpest) to lose those whom they were united to by the dearest bonds of affection and familiarity—there are probably not many such bereaved ones, who have not at some time or another felt a strong impression—half-fearful, half consolatory—that the spirit of the dead in body is actually present with them. As this impression generally comes on in a lonely walk—perhaps in the twilight—or in some chamber from which, through very association of grief, the gladsome light of day is excluded, and visions of the departed are, as it were, invited; there is doubtless much reasonableness on

the side of the supposition that these visitations are but mental delusions. Yet, for the time, with what a sad reality they are fraught!

There is a translation from a short poem, by a German author, in which the story of an impression of this kind is beautifully told. These are the verses:—

Many a year is in its grave
Since I passed this restless wave,
And the evening, fair as ever,
Shines on ruin, rock, and river.

Then in this same boat beside
Sat two comrades, old and tried;
One, with all a father's truth,
One with all the fire of youth.

One on earth in silence wrought,
And his grave in silence sought,
But the younger brighter form,
Pass'd in battle and in storm.

To where'er I turn mine eye,
Back upon the days gone by,
Sadd'ning thoughts of friends come o'er me,
Friends that closed their course before me!

But what binds us, friend to friend?
'Tis that soul with soul can blend!
Soul-fraught were those hours of yore;
Let us walk in soul once more!

Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee,
Take;—I give it willingly!
For, invisible to thee,
Spirits twain have cross'd with me.

WINTER.

Winter is coming! who cares!—who cares!
Not the wealthy and proud, I trow;
"Let it come!" they cry—"what matters to us
How chilly the blast may blow?"

"We'll feast and carouse in our lordly halls,
The goblet of wine we'll drain;
We'll mock at the wind with shouts of mirth,
And music's echoing chain.

"Little care we for the biting frost,
While the fire gives forth its blaze:
What to us is the dreary night,
While we dance in the waxlight's rays?"

'Tis thus the rich of the land will talk;
But think, oh ye pompous great,
That the harrowing storm ye laugh at within,
Falls bleak on the poor at your gate!

They have blood in their veins, ay, pure as thine—
But nought to quicken its flow;
They have limbs that feel the whistling gale,
And shrink from the driving snow.

Winter is coming!—oh think, ye great,
On the roofless, naked, and old;
Deal with them kindly, as man with man,
And spare them a tithe of your gold!"

THE TWO PICTURES, OR PERVERTED LOVE.

"Alike, but oh! how different!"

When I was at Florence, I do not care to mention how many years ago, I was one day lounging in the gallery, thinking how vastly different the Medicean Venus was from my *beau ideal* of female beauty, when, in one of the less frequented rooms, and in a situation not eminently conspicuous, my eye chanced to light upon a picture, which at once riveted its gaze, and on which it—I may say—feasted for several weeks afterwards! It was a half-length, and consisted of a single figure—the portrait of a young lady, of apparently from nineteen to twenty-one years of age. She was dressed in a low gown of puce-colored velvet, without lace or tucker of any kind intervening between it and the skin of clear, pearl-like whiteness, against which it appeared in strong and remarkable relief. In the centre, however, the bodice, according to the mode of the period, seemed in some degree to rise, so as just to give to view a small portion of very delicate lace, yet not in sufficient quantity to fall over upon the velvet. Immediately below this a diamond ornament was placed, which was matched by two others that formed the loops to the short sleeves, from beneath which appeared arms of a symmetry and whiteness it would be idle to attempt to paint

with only description for my pencil. Their fine rounded fulness in the upper part; their delicate gradation to the wrists, and the beautiful hands which terminated them, were, indeed, among the most conspicuous parts of the picture; inasmuch as the person represented was in the act of drawing a golden bodkin, headed with diamonds, from her hair, which was falling in profusion over her shoulders. In her right hand she held the bodkin, whilst her left was employed in throwing back from her face the hair which, in falling, had crowded to cover it. The color of the hair, and general complexion of the face (of its character I shall have occasion to speak more particularly hereafter,) were by no means Italian; though from the name both of the person painted and of the painter, I concluded that the former must have been so. The catalogue gave it as *Ritratto d'AGATHA LANZI*; and added, as the name of the painter, that of one of the immediate successors of Titian. The piece, indeed, had all the richness of colouring of that celebrated school. The brows and eye-lashes were of a deeper tint of the same color; and the latter were, or, from their length, appeared to be, darker than the former. From the action, and, moreover, the position of the figure, as well as from the corner of a toilet-table which the artist had introduced, it seemed to me that the moment represented was just after she had retired to her chamber for the night; and that the withdrawing the golden bodkin from the hair was the first act of beginning to undress. The figure was standing, and apparently, from the direction of the eyes, before a mirror; but this was not represented in the picture.

As the hair showered down in the luxuriance of its brilliant beauty, the face was lighted with a radiant smile, as if of conscious triumph in the pride and profusion of loveliness, which added to that very loveliness of which it was at once the effect and the indication. It showed, indeed, infinite taste on the part of the painter to have chosen such a moment and action; and to have rendered them to such advantage, and yet with so much truth. The fine form, blooming into the ripeness of womanly beauty;—the dress relieving the perfect and admirable expression of which I have spoken;—the smile which showed the eye more bright, and the rich lips parting like a bursting rose under its influence;—the arms raised and bent;—the falling waves of hair;—all served to present each individual beauty to the greatest individual advantage; and yet combined into a whole so exquisite, that one would have thought that every merit of detail must have been sacrificed to procure it.

I was so struck with this enchanting picture, that I believe upwards of an hour elapsed before I moved from before it. Day after day I used to repair to the gallery, and, passing by every thing else without pausing, was accustomed to seat myself directly opposite to it, sometimes for hours. Yet it was not as a painting—that is, as a work of art—that it gave me such extreme delight; but as the personification of the most lovely of created things,—a truly beautiful woman. But this picture acquired, from subsequent circumstances, additional interest in my eyes. I may as well relate them in this place. After I had been about a week in the daily habit of passing some time in the contemplation of this enchanting object, I perceived that I had a companion in my observations, a painter, who was copying the picture. I was pleased that he should have had the good taste to single out my favourite for the exercise of his talents; and I used to take pleasure in watching the progress of his work. I soon perceived, however, that he was not merely copying the original. His canvass was quite of a different shape, being oblong, and large enough to contain more figures if necessary. It seemed, indeed, that it did contain them, or something else; for the figure of Agatha Lanzi being drawn at one end of the canvass, above one half of it was covered with a cloth, as though to conceal from the sight of loungers, like myself, what was represented thereupon. Neither was the figure of Agatha Lanzi in the same position as in the original picture. Her right hand, indeed, still held the bodkin, but it was firmly clutched, and the arm was uplifted, as though in the act to strike. The left arm was extended before her at about the length of the shoulder, in an attitude of caution. The hair still flowed down the back; but it was plainly parted on the brow, and tied together immediately upon the neck behind. This was all that I could at the moment discover of the intentions of the artist, for the figure was only sketched in; all the filling up was yet to be added.

If I was curious as to the cause of this singular discrepancy from the original picture, as well as to what the cloth might conceal, the painter appeared to be nearly as much so with regard to my perseverance in coming to gaze so frequently upon the same object, and the evident interest I took in every thing concerning it.

One day he entered into conversation with me. After a few observations of a general nature, he said he supposed I was a great connoisseur of the arts, by the frequency of my visits to the gallery, and the surprising interest I appeared to take in painting. I answered, as was perfectly true, that I had no knowledge whatever of painting, as an art; and that I took interest in it more from its results, in the beauties both of form and colour to which it was capable of giving life and permanence, than from any knowledge of its principles, or skill in tracing them in its production.—For instance, I continued, “I come here every day to gaze upon that picture,” pointing to the portrait of Agatha Lanzi, “not from admiration of it as a work of art, though I believe it to possess great merit as such, but simply because it is a vivid and life-like representation of as dignified and exquisite female beauty as my eyes ever rested upon. It is as such that I remain for hours in this gallery with my eyes fixed intensely upon it. I admire all beauty, and human beauty, and female beauty more especially; and I admire painting for the sake of the charms it is enabled to embody. I say that I believe that portrait to possess merit as a work of art; and my reasons are these. It appears to me to be a perfect representation of a most lovely young woman; I do not know the means by which that perfection has been attained; but I know that nature has been naturally rendered. If there were any fault in the drawing, or the colouring, unless it were very glaring indeed, I should scarcely be able to point out what and where it was; but I should know that there was something there which rendered the portraiture less real and perfect; I should have to apply to you, sir, or to one of your brethren, to point out to me the real

cause; but I should equally see and feel the effect without being conscious of it.

The artist replied, that from whatever principles or impressions I had judged, I was correct in my deduction; the portrait I had been speaking of, was a very noble and exquisite painting. “It is also,” he continued, “the portrait of a most lovely creature, and I do not wonder, sir, that an admirer of beauty, as you describe yourself to be, you should be struck with it even to the degree you have mentioned. Agatha Lanzi was indeed a very remarkable woman; may I enquire, sir, what character you would be inclined to give to those very lovely features and that exquisite form?”

“By your asking me the question,” I replied, “I conclude that her history is a remarkable one: but to judge from the picture alone, I should say that the individual there portrayed was a woman conscious of her beauty; but whose pride outweighed her vanity so far, as to cause her to scorn the application of its power to any but lofty issues, and persons worthy of her and it. For the rest, I shall conjecture that she was a woman of strong passions, who, when she had found a man worthy of her love, would lavish it upon him with a fervour and fondness, and intensity, very rarely united, and almost as seldom possessed separately. I think she would not love any man who was unworthy of her love; her pride would preserve her from this. I conceive she had talents as well as passions,—talents of wit as well as of a graver and more exalted description. I think she was a warm and affectionate friend; and further than this my practical knowledge of the art of physiognomy does not enable me to form an opinion.”

“In some of your suppositions,” rejoined the painter, “you are undoubtedly correct. In others I have no means of ascertaining how the fact was; but on an important trait of character as it respects that picture, you have pronounced no opinion at all; although, to speak the truth, I can scarcely wonder at your omission. When my picture is finished, sir,—which, as you perceive, is not merely a copy of the original—you shall, if you will honor me so far, give me your judgment upon it; and you shall then be made acquainted with as much as has transpired of the history of Agatha Lanzi.”

The painter who wanted only to take the likeness of Agatha from this portrait, did not pursue his avocation much longer in the gallery. When he had obtained all he wanted, he took his piece home to finish. About a month afterwards he sent me word that it was completed, and requested me, in case I had not forgotten our conversation in the gallery some weeks before, to come and breakfast with him the next day, that I might look at it.

I availed myself of his invitation, and found him to be a man of considerable information and accomplishment, as it respected matters entirely unconnected with his art. He possessed, in reality, a large portion of that enthusiasm and poetry of feeling to which so many of his brethren affect to lay claim. He had some literary cultivation, and strong literary tastes. After we had breakfasted he took me into his painting-room.—The picture, which was the object of my intense curiosity, was leaning on the easel. It represented the interior of a bed chamber, richly furnished after the fashion of the sixteenth century. The lamp burned upon a side table, and shed a strong light upon the bed. Upon it lay a man, young and well-looking, asleep. Agatha Lanzi was near it also; she knelt upon it with one knee; her arm was upraised with the long gold diamond-headed bodkin, which I easily recognized in her hand, as if about to pierce the sleeper to the heart. The artist had taken great pains with the female figure, and had succeeded far beyond my expectations.

Agatha was represented in a loose night-dress of plain white; her beautiful hair streamed down her back, confined only by a ribbon between the shoulders. Her foot, as she knelt upon the bed, was naked; the slipper which had covered it had fallen to the ground. The position of the uplifted arm had caused the sleeve of the night-dress to fall upwards, and displayed that exquisite arm considerably above the elbow. From the other shoulder the dress had also slipped. In this and the beautiful bosom, with its pale blue veins branching across the white and delicate skin, the artist had been peculiarly successful. The lips were compressed, as if with a strong mental effort of resolution; and also as if to hold the breath, lest it should fall upon the ear of the sleeper, and awaken him. Her dark blue eye was fixed with a melancholy expression of caution, sternness, and even ferocity, upon the object about to become her victim.

How different from the fine joyous smile of girlish consciousness of beauty so remarkable in the other picture; and yet no great lapse of time could be supposed to have intervened. The figure before me was in the fulness of beauty—probably about twenty-three years of age—certainly not more! So soon initiated into all the sorrows, and stormy and tempestuous passions of human life,—into its deepest and blackest crimes!

I turned to my friend, the painter, for his explanation. “I can give you the best,” said he. “Agatha’s own account of her own conduct at the crisis which I have attempted to represent. The subject of the picture is, indeed, taken from her confession, which has been printed in a collection of similar pieces. It chanced not long ago to fall under my observation, and as I recognised the name, it gave me the first idea of this picture. I have modernized the Italian for you—for, both in spelling and phraseology, the original would, in all probability, have proved not very intelligible to a foreigner.” Having thus spoken, the painter handed me a manuscript, of which the following is a translation.

Convent of ———, 1535

“My friends have often wondered why, when, after many crosses and disappointments, I was at length united to the chosen lover of my youth and heart, we should, at the end of one short year, have separated—he to go to the wars, and I to bury myself in this convent. I therefore write this, that, after my death, they may know the real truth concerning these mysterious passages, and that those who may be tempted, like me, may hereby take warning from my fate.

“Above all things, it has been bitter to my soul that whilst I bore the guilt of the blackest crime upon my conscience, I should have received the praises of the world as a dutiful daughter, and a virtuous and devoted

wife. It has been the horror of the shame that must have attended the acknowledgment of how vile and guilty a thing was thus cherished and caressed, that has hitherto restrained the confession which has so often trembled on my lips, and struggled for life and utterance.

"It is well known to all who are acquainted with me, that in my early youth I received the vows of Laurentio Gonsalvi, and that my heart acknowledged the influence of his passion; that our love was permitted until the accursed blight of avarice fell upon my parents' hearts, and led them to wrench asunder those ties which no human power could otherwise have unloosed, and to rivet with fetters upon me a chain which nothing but fetters could have held. This is the only palliation I have to offer for the awful crime I have perpetrated; and in the degree in which it lightens the load of guilt from me, it throws it upon those who gave me birth. But, alas! it relieves me only in the smallest possible degree. They separated me from the man I admired, and enforced my marriage with another. Let me be just.

"The Count Braschi, whose bride I became, was young, accomplished, and might have been kind, but that I treated him with loathing and scorn; and tongues were not wanting to tell him that it was all for the sake of Laurentio Gonsalvi. We had lived together for something less than two years, when Laurentio returned from travel. On my marriage with the Count, he had gone abroad in order that he might avoid all opportunity of meeting me. But now he had returned, he encountered me in public, and saw that the light of a happy heart had left my eyes; and he saw, too, that that heart was breaking. And we met in private, and strong and bitter was the conflict; and the temptation was almost greater than we could bear. But we did bear it—and we overcame it—and we parted—but not for ever. Before we separated, we swore an oath, that if ever I became free, we would wed each other, and that neither of us would ever marry, unless with one another; and we invoked heaven and all the saints to give ear unto our oath; and our hearts bore witness to it. And Laurentio again went away—none knew whither.

"About two months thereafter, the plague broke out in the city, and the destruction was very great. Friend shunned friend, and the son fled from his subdued and perishing father. The streets were deserted, and all kept within their own houses, save at the dead of night, when the pest-carts went round to gather together the corpses of those who had died during the day. And the rumbling of the carts sounded dismally through the empty streets; and the bells, that announced their coming, struck awe into the hearts of all, and despair into those of the dying. As they approached the door of each house, they sounded upon a bell three times, and called out with a loud voice, 'Bring out your dead.' And then those who had dead brought them out, with their faces muffled, and their mouths stopped with medicated cloths; and the dead were carried away, and they were taken to pits without the city, prepared for their reception. The earth was then thrown in upon them, and all was done in haste, in silence, and in darkness. The time was very awful.

"In the wickedness of my heart, I wished that my husband might die, that I might be wedded to Laurentio Gonsalvi; but the plague fell upon the houses all around, where it was dreaded, and passed over ours where it was prayed for. Yes! prayed for. I dared to breathe to heaven this prayer of hell! I prayed that the plague might strike upon my husband, and that he might die.

"But time waned, and he was still untouched, and I feared that the plague would pass away, and leave him whole.

"One night, as I lay by his side, I was revolving these hopes and fears and wishes in my mind. I looked upon him as he lay in all the helplessness of profound repose. He slept so soundly and quietly, that his slumbers were even as the slumbers of death. 'Would, oh, would that it were!' I ejaculated; and then I added to myself, it is but one blow! and I looked around. The night lamp shone upon a golden bodkin, with which I always braided my hair. It had been given me in earlier and happier days, by Laurentio, and whatever dress I wore, that bodkin still upheld my hair. It now lay upon the toilet, where I had placed it when I had undressed. 'It is but one blow,' repeated I to myself, or rather the evil one suggested to me. I arose from the bed and seized the bodkin. I approached the Count,—I knelt with one knee upon the bed, and buried the bodkin in his side up to the eye! He gave one groan, and strove to rise; but the blood spouted forth like a fountain. He became weak,—I struck again,—he fell back,—a few seconds and he was dead!

"Oh, the horror that I felt at the moment, when I beheld my victim dead before me! Ages of pain passed over me at that instant. He would have been good to me, but I spurned him; I thrust back his proffered kindnesses with every mark of loathing and contempt; and now I had murdered him! I knelt and prayed for succour and support; but I recollected what my last prayer had been, and I found it impossible to utter a word. I took up my rosary to repeat my usual prayers; but blood had spouted on the beads, and caused them to slip from my hold. 'Yes,' I exclaimed, 'yes, indeed, his blood has risen between me and heaven!'

"To conceal what I had done was my next object. I hid, as well as I could, everything that was stained with blood; covered the body with the clothes, and went out of the chamber at break of day, to spread a report that the Count had been taken with the plague, and to seek for medicines. I well knew that none of our domestics would be too ready to face this danger; and when I declared my intention of watching by him myself, they yielded to it most willingly, and seemed to think that I did so as an atonement for the unkindness I had evinced towards him since our marriage.

"I announced that he grew worse; and towards the second night I declared him to be dead. I would not permit any of my people, as I said, to incur the danger of infection. I washed the blood from the body—covered it completely with a shroud; and all this I did to the stark and bloody corpse of that man, from whose touch, while living, I recoiled as from the sting of an adder.

"Night came, and with it the pest carts and their bells, and the cry of 'bring out your dead'; and the Count was carried out by his men, with stopped mouths and averted faces; and he was placed among the dead—and I was free!

"Yes, free! for detection did not reach me; no shadow of suspicion fell upon my name.

"In six months I was Laurentio's bride! But ah! how different were my feelings from what they would have been had I been married to him in my years of innocence. Now guilt—the guilt of blood—was upon my soul. Its weight was as lead; its heat was as fire.

"When we had been some time married, Laurentio could not but perceive the cloud which at times passed over me. He questioned me concerning it in vain. He thought, I believe, that it was occasioned by the shock my young heart had received as Count Braschi's wife. He strove by every means in his power to comfort and cheer me. Alas! the wound was deep hidden from the leech's eye. How then could he heal it; yet he often probed it to the quick.

"One day he asked me what had become of the golden bodkin he had given me in his first courtship! He said he had never seen it since we had been married, and smiling added, he supposed I had given it to the Count. My agitation was so extreme, that he could not but observe it: he gently chided me for suffering my spirits to give way so much; and changed the conversation.

About a week afterwards, I chanced to be suddenly conversing, and left my *escrutoire* open. Laurentio, seeking some paper or a pen, I know not which, found the bodkin, discoloured to the head with the indelible stain of human blood!—A terrible suspicion flashed across his brain!—He rushed to me,—questioned me,—and discovered all!

"I cannot dwell upon the agony of this period! After the first burst of indignation, his anger subsided into a deep—sorrowful strain of condemnation, more dreadful to me than all the violence of passion which had preceded it. He would not, he said, he could not betray me; but neither would he ever again take a foul and spotted murderer to his bosom and his bed. I need not say what my agonies of entreaty were. His determination was irrevocable. We parted never to meet again. He fell in his first battle, I am still here, but I feel I shall not be so long."

"You see, sir," said the painter, turning to me as I closed the last leaf of the manuscript, "you see, sir, she indeed loved a man worthy of her love—more than worthy of it. She had, indeed, strong passions; but hatred was included in the number! That was the omission of which I spoke."

BARONIAL RESIDENCES IN THE NORTH OF SCOTLAND.

CAWDOR CASTLE, THE SEAT OF THE EARL OF CAWDOR.

The "Thane of Cawdor" was a "prosperous gentleman," even centuries before the day of Shakspeare; and here in his ancient castle—low lying among hill, and wood, and water, are traces of the primitive grandeur of the family. The castle still boasts its drawbridge, its tapestried walls, and a grove of oak and ash trees that drew the admiration of Dr. Johnson himself. The tower of Cawdor Castle is built on a rock, the surface of which serves for a floor to the lower apartments. From one of the clefts springs a hawthorn, which, "if tradition may be in aught believed," must have flourished at least five or six hundred years. The thane who founded the castle is said to have consulted a seer as to the site of his intended building. The wise man counselled him to load an ass with coffers full of gold, and to erect his castle at the third hawthorn tree at which the ass should stop. The advice was followed—the castle was built round the tree, enclosing its precious stem—and here it still remains, many a generation having pledged to the toast of "Freshness to the hawthorn tree of Cawdor Castle."

Crossing the drawbridge, and entering by the old gateway, we are astonished with the air of antiquity that pervades the whole building. The massive walls, the iron doors, the narrow slits of windows, the steep and winding stairs, the whole furniture of the castle, transport us back to the times of feudal power and rude simplicity. Modern comforts and conveniences have been superadded, but in perfect keeping with the ancient parts of the castle. There is a family tradition, that it was in this stronghold that Macbeth murdered Duncan; and the bed and chamber in which the monarch lay, used to be pointed out to strangers. About twenty years ago, however, a fire broke out and consumed these relics, and nothing but the stone-vaulted roof of the apartment remains. The written authorities are at variance as to the scene of Duncan's murder; some referring it to a blacksmith's hut in Morayshire, and others to the castle at Inverness. Shakspeare adopted the latter, following the history of Buchanan, and who can now dislodge him from his "pride of place!" The bard was no porer over the conflicting statements of antiquaries; he found in his well-conned copy of "Helinshed's Chronicles," the statement of Buchanan that Macbeth murdered Duncan in Inverness, and from his rich and prodigal imagination he clothed the scene with surpassing interest and beauty.

This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimble and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

This guest of summer!
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze, buttress,
Nor coigne of vantage, but this bird hath made
His pendent bed and procreant cradle. Where they
Most breed and haunt, I have observed, the air
Is delicate.

This is the triumph of poetry over history, of imagination over fact. Wherever the words are read, a picture is presented to the eye and the heart. We drink in the sweet breath of heaven, and watch the wheel around his pendent bed in the old turrets of the castle.

There is little in the interior of Cawdor to detain the

ing those outward and visible signs of antiquity to which we have alluded. It is occasionally visited by the present earl and his family, during the summer season, and there is accommodation enough for this purpose. Fortunately no attempt is made to transform the castle into a modern residence, or to divest it of its proper and becoming character. The tapestry which covers the walls was worked by Lady Henrietta Stuart in the sixteenth century. Among the paintings is only one worthy of notice, a portrait of the brave Montrose. The scenery surrounding the castle is of the most romantic description. Cawdor-burn dashes over a rocky bed, about a hundred feet below the wooded walks. The sides of the rock are steep, and are clad with a profusion of foliage—natural oak, birch, hazel, and holly. At one part a little hermitage has been erected, from which the course of the stream is seen to much advantage, with all its subsidiary attractions.

On digging lately in a field near this spot a skeleton was found with the remains of a rope round its neck, which (according to my guide) proved to be the relics of Callum Beg, a notorious sheep lifter, (i. e. a thief,) who was hanged some centuries ago by order of "the laird." The name of Callum Beg will be familiar to many readers, as Sir Walter Scott adopted it in his novel of *Waverley*. Callum was a dependent of the laird of Cawdor, and the latter, it is said, interfered on many occasions in behalf of his hopeful retainer, when the latter had the misfortune to forfeit his life or liberty by forays on the neighbouring estates. One day Callum was brought into the presence of his feudal superior, having been caught with the stolen property in his possession, which proved to be a good fat sheep. The laird had a kindness for Callum, and knew not well how to act. At length he ordered the culprit and the sheep to be put into the "donjon keep" of the castle, at the same time giving directions that the people who lodged the complaint should be amply regaled on bread and ale. While the latter were indulging in this repast, the laird slipped out and inquired of Callum if he had a good knife. Being answered in the affirmative, "then," said he, "I shall send you customers for your wedder." Callum took the hint and killed the sheep. He cut it into small morsels and threw the whole out of an aperture in the dungeon, constructed rather for air than light, at the outside of which there was a pack of hounds, by whom the sheep was speedily devoured. Time having been allowed for the accomplishment of this feat, the laird took his chair of state, and summoned that "obdurate thief," Callum Beg, into his presence, together with the stolen property and the witnesses. The door of the cell was forthwith opened and the clansman produced, but not a vestige of the sheep could be found. Upon this hint the justice spake, charging the witnesses with conspiring against the honest man, Callum Beg, and accordingly setting the prisoner free.

Callum, however, was not always so fortunate. On one occasion he fell into the hands of a neighbouring proprietor, the laird of Kilravock, and was committed to durance vile. His natural chief, the Thane of Cawdor, hearing of the jeopardy in which Callum was placed, repaired to the mansion of his friend on the first day of the new year, and seated himself on the great stair in front of the castle. The usual greetings having passed, the laird of Cawdor was invited into the house; but he replied that he had a new year's gift to ask, and unless it were granted he would not enter the house, or partake of his neighbour's hospitality.

"I shall grant you every favour in my power," replied Kilravock, "but the life of Callum Beg."

"That," rejoined the other, "is the very request I came to make, and being denied, it is unnecessary for me to stay."

The laird accordingly departed, and Callum Beg was—hanged.

The following fairy tale is better than the history of the transient clansman. It associates well with the romantic beauty and seclusion of the spot, and is tinged with the colours of Celtic poetry and imagination. The story is of the same class with Washington Irving's "Rip Van Winkle," and it shows how universal tales of this description once were—peopling alike the forests of Germany, the Wildernesses of the New World, and the glens of Scotland. Among the braes at Cawdor is a small round knoll, overgrown with birch-trees, and watered by a romantic little brook. The spot goes under the name of the *Beatha Og*, or Young Birch, and has long been celebrated as a chosen abode of the fairies. One new year's eve, or *Hogmanay*, (vide Burns, or Jamieson's dictionary,) when the people of the vale were making merry with pipe and dance, two trusty swains went for a cask of whisky, to assist in prolonging the festivities. On their way home, whilst they carried an anker, or ten gallons, of whisky, slung over their shoulders in a *woodie*, (a twisted twig, generally of birch,) they had occasion to pass through the *Beatha Og*, when suddenly they heard music proceeding as if from under the ground. They looked round, and observing an opening on the side of the hill, they boldly entered. In a twinkling our adventurous Highlanders found themselves among a set of happy looking beings, male and female, all dancing, many of the group being old acquaintances, whom they had years before assisted to carry to the grave. Drink was offered to them, and the foremost of the two, the man who carried the cask, instantly partook of the unblest cheer. His companion, suspecting all was not right, refused to participate, and endeavoured to prevail on his friend to go home. Donald, however, seemed obstinately wedded to the dance and the good things before him, and would not budge an inch. The other departed alone, and returned with a narrative of the whole adventure to his neighbours at the wedding. They searched for him everywhere, listening at every point and tree; but, instead of unearthly minstrelsy, they heard only the waving of the silvery birches, and the gentle rippling of the stream. Daylight came, and the search was abandoned. Years slipped away without bringing any tidings of the lost man; and his wife and children, and all the people in the strath, mourned for him. At length, exactly seven years afterwards, on the night of *Hogmanay*, the people were again met to welcome in the coming year. The companion of the lost man walked forth in the direction of the *Beatha Og*, to grieve for the fate of his friend. He strolled pensively along, and he started at hearing the sound of fairy music

—the same that had before led him astray—and he made up to the spot. There was the same opening in the brae, and entering it he found the same merry party, with his long-lost friend dancing like a true Highlander. The mirth and hilarity of the party seemed ominous, and the man, therefore, pulled out his *skeendhu*, and, fastening it in Donald's coat, began to pull him away. Now it is a well-known fact, (though the circumstance has not yet been published in the Library of Useful Knowledge,) that, amongst their excellent qualities, steel and iron have the power of depriving fairies of all potency over the human person. Donald was, therefore, extricated from the hands of the *good folk*, but not before he had expressed his surprise at the hastiness of his friend in wishing to leave so merry a party. Upon his arrival at home, the joy of his family may easily be conceived, nor was Donald's astonishment less at finding the *fracas* that was made about his arrival, and the changes that had taken place in his absence. His girls had grown to be women; the roses on his wife's cheek had been nipt by time and grief, and several of his neighbours had died. On feeling the shoulder on which he carried the whisky, he found that the *woodie*, by the weight of the cask pressing it for so long a period, had sunk down to the bone, and that some bread and cheese, which he took with him to his party, had crumbled into dust! *O vita misera longa, felix brevis!*

DARNAWAY CASTLE, THE SEAT OF THE EARL OF MORAY.

Let no man visit the highlands of Scotland in quest of the picturesque, without seeing the banks of the Findhorn, and its tributary stream, the Divie. From its first ooings out of the Monaliadh mountains to its junction with the sea, the Findhorn is a truly highland and romantic river.

First, we may counsel the tourist to repair to the excellent inn at Forbes, a small, but clean and well-built town, near which stands the "blasted heath" where Macbeth accosted the weird sisters. He may then sally forth *en cavalier*, on a sure-footed pony. Highland ponies, like Spanish mules, can traverse very difficult tracks; or, what is still better, let the traveller task his pedestrian powers to accomplish one of the most delightful feats he ever adventured upon. If the party be a family one, or our tourist be one of those enviable personages who roll along in their own carriage, the said vehicle may be employed the greater part of the way, and the short journeys on foot, where it is necessary to alight, be considered only as a relish to the rest of the expedition.

About four miles from Forbes we turn from the road, and enter the woods of Darnaway. The castle is not visible from the high road, being embosomed among trees, and hid by rising grounds. We soon reach it through a delightful wooded drive. Darnaway Castle is a large modern mansion, erected thirty-four years ago, in the castellated style. It is built with light freestone from a quarry on the estate. The old castle was pulled down, with the exception of the hall, to make way for the new structure, an act for which Jonathan Oldbuck, if his power had been absolute, would have mulcted the earl of at least one year's rents. It was one of the finest specimens of the old feudal castle in Scotland, and should have been suffered to grace the plains with its venerable presence. The new structure stands on the site of its predecessor, a precipitous mount, which overlooks the whole vale or low country of Moray.

The immediate environs of this baronial pile are well described in an old couplet which still floats over the country—

"Darnaway green is bonny to be seen
In the midst of Moray-land."

On the green directly in front of the castle are a few old timber trees, and amongst them some ashes. As the ash is the latest of all our trees in getting into leaf in spring, and the first to relinquish its leafy honours in autumn, it is now seldom found on lawns or pleasure grounds. Our ancestors had not an opportunity of studying Price on the Picturesque; yet we love to see the bold spiral stem of the ash, and its light, easy, sweeping branches, wherever they may be found, and though their glory, like the summer of this northern clime, be but short and transient. The castle is surrounded by a considerable extent of ground, that appears to have been laid out with the ultimate intention of being thrown into a deer-park, which, from its varied and undulating nature, it is well adapted for.

We enter the castle by a lofty flight of steps. In the entrance-hall are a few family pictures, the most interesting of which is a portrait of the Earl of Moray who was murdered by the Marquis of Huntly, in the year 1592, and who was known by the name of "The bonny Earl of Moray." It is related of this nobleman, that, thinking of his superior beauty even in the moment of death, after Huntly had struck him with the sword on the face, he stammered out the dying words—"You have spoiled a better face than your own!" The bard of Twickenham might have added this Earl of Moray to his examples of those who

"To their latest breath,

Still felt the ruling passion strong in death."

According to history, the bonny earl had been engaged in a treasonable conspiracy for which King James VI. ordered him into his presence, employing his enemy, Huntly, to conduct him to his palace. There is a family tradition which gives a different colour to the event. It is said that James was jealous of the partiality which the queen evinced for the bonny earl, her majesty having presented him with a scarf embroidered by her own hand, and that the monarch instigated Huntly to perpetrate the murder. In the portrait at Darnaway, the earl is represented as wearing the fatal scarf, which appears to have been of white satin, embroidered with gold, and fastened with a rich clasp. The face is long, the features delicate and youthful, and the complexion fair. The only modern painting in this hall is a full-length, in the highland dress, by Watson Gordon, of the Hon. John Stuart, the present earl's second son.

We pass from the modern rooms into an apartment such as few castles can boast—Randolph's Hall, a state-room, about a hundred feet long, forty broad, and ninety high. This hall is of great antiquity. It was built by Randolph, the first Earl of Moray, the friend, and nephew, and fellow-warrior of Robert Bruce, and afterwards regent of Scotland, who died in 1331.

The oak roof of this ancient hall still remains untouched; and it is impossible to enter the vast apartment, looking down its extensive area, and up to its magnificent roof, dim with age, recalling at the same time its warlike founder and his compatriots, Bruce, the Black Douglas, and others, who must often have sat within its walls, without experiencing a thrilling sensation approaching to awe and fear. Randolph was a brave soldier, as his conquest of Edinburgh Castle and his conduct at Bannockburn testified.

There is a carved chair which belonged to Randolph, with a thistle rudely cut on it; also a few massive oaken tables, that may have borne a banquet spread even for the nobles of Robert Bruce. Across one of the windows are placed the colors of the Sutherland Fencibles regiment, torn and shattered at the engagement of Vinegar Hill: of this corps the late Lord Moray's brother was sometime commander.

We have lingered too long amidst the gloom and vastness of this old hall, and as the sun is now shining brightly over the trees, we shall take a plunge into the woods—the Forest of Darnaway. A noble forest! Entering it at a point called Dorsella, the tourist may pass over in one continuous line until he quits the woods at Earlsmill, a circle of twenty miles,—an extent of woodland which, as surrounding the residence of any one nobleman or gentleman in Scotland, is, perhaps, unexampled.—The absolute value of the woods of Darnaway, in 1830, was 130,000*l*. The annual increase in growth, of oak and fir, exceeds, in a threefold ratio, the amount of timber thinned and copped every year; and as the system pursued is, for every fir that is cut down to plant two oaks, in the course of fifty years the whole forest of Darnaway will be one mass of oak. From the year 1767 to 1810, Francis, the tenth Earl of Moray, planted the following trees:—

Oaks planted	1,114,200
Scotch Fir	10,346,000
Ash, elm, beech, &c.	727,290

Forming a total of trees planted in these forty-three years of 12,187,550. The present forester has, since the spring of 1829, planted of oaks alone, 491,000. If we add the trees planted during the same period on Lord Moray's other Scotch estates of Doune and Donibristle, (which exceed ten millions,) we may safely conclude that, with respect to plantations, the Earls of Moray have been among the most patriotic improvers in Britain, and have sedulously acted on the principle of the elder Dumbiedikes—"Aye be sticking in a tree; it will grow while you are sleeping." The value of the oak thinnings (the timber fetching from 2*s*. to 4*s*. the square foot, and the bark about 7*d*. or 8*d*. the ton) must form a handsome annual income, and owing to the shelter of the oldest plantations, the trees planted of late years make more progress than those which were planted at an earlier period. The situation of the forest is from one hundred to five hundred feet above the level of the sea, and the climate is admirable. The soil is also peculiarly adapted to the growth of oak, of which the abundance of ferns it produces is a sure index. Wherever ferns grow rank, oak trees thrive well.

The oak copses of England have often excited our admiration, and this mode of forest management appears to have been practiced at Darnaway at least a hundred and sixty years ago. On the bank by the river there is a superb range of oak-stools, from twenty to thirty feet in girth, from each of which spring four or five or more trees, once copse shoots, every one possessing a noble trunk, and tossing his high branches in the air with true patrician dignity. Copses are highly profitable to the owner. Suppose a hundred acres of wood planted fifty years ago: the proprietor determines to copse it, and he proceeds thus:—he cuts down the whole of the wood, with the exception of a tree at every hundred feet distance; these remaining trees are called standard; the trees cut down are called stools, from which spring up vigorous shoots, that are, in this country, thinned at the end of five years, leaving upon each stool five or six suckers. The latter in the course of twenty years, arrive at the growth for cutting, giving from four to six inches in diameter, and which again form another growth of copsewood. Thus, in every twenty years, the proprietor has a crop of oak timber. The copse is obviously not so picturesque or impressive as a grove of old oaks in full prime, yet it affords beautiful woodland path and shade. In its dismantled state it may appear forlorn; but (as Gilpin observes) one winter only sees it in disgrace; the next summer produces luxuriant shoots, and two summers more restore it almost to perfect beauty.

Woodcocks' nests are plentiful in this forest, through the natural habit of the bird as is well known, is to leave this country in the spring, in order to cross the sea for the purpose of breeding. In the skirts of the wood, near water, they build and pair, in seeming solitude, realizing the fine line of the poet—

"The lonely woodcock haunts the watery glade."

Near the castle of Darnaway is a heronry, now a rare sight. It is supposed to have existed on the spot since the days of Randolph Earl of Moray. The huge nests of the birds are clustered on the top of some old oak trees, hanging from a high bank over the stream, and they form altogether a curious and interesting scene. In the bed of the river below, the herons may be seen, with their tall figures, long necks, and blue wings, fishing patiently for food; or rising slowly up to begin their flight. The Marquess of Carmarthen, some years ago, brought a few trained hawks to "molest the ancient solitary reign" of the herons; but the gentlemen of the neighbourhood interfered and forbade the combat. At twilight, this retired spot, dim with the thick wood, completely shaded, and standing immediately over a deep dark pool, together with the hoarse cries and flapping wings of the gigantic birds, produces a solemn and almost startling effect.

The forest and lands of Darnaway are now admirably managed by Lord Moray's relative and commissioner, Philip B. Ainslie, Esq., who unites great practical knowledge to true woodland taste and enthusiasm.

THE MARQUIS OF WELLESLEY.—The Earl of Mornington, father of the Marquis of Wellesley, and of the Duke of Wellington, died several thousand pounds in debt. By virtue of a peculiar law, his property was

inherited by his eldest son, the Marquis of Wellesley, without being liable for the payment of his debts. The Marquis, nevertheless, from a conscientious spirit, resolved to discharge all these debts before he should allow himself fully to enjoy the family property. He lived for a few years with rigid economy, and thus saved enough of money to pay every farthing which his father had owed. Among the creditors of the deceased Earl was one who applied for the payment of 150*l*. The young Lord, upon examination, found that it had been transferred, by a poor old man, to whom it was originally due, to the present possessor, for the small sum of 50*l*. "I will deal justly with you," said his Lordship, "but I will do no more. Here are the fifty pounds you paid for the bond, and legal interest for the time it has been in your possession." The holder, knowing that he could not strictly claim a single shilling, was content with not losing anything. But the Noble Lord who thus gave an early proof of that honour and integrity which he afterwards displayed largely in offices of the highest trust, did not stop here; he sought out the original holder of the bill, and, finding him poor, paid him the whole sum, with a large arrear of interest.

THE DEVIL'S MILL.

AN IRISH LEGEND.

By the Author of *Handy Andy*, &c.

His word is more than the miraculous harp;
He hath raised the wall and houses too.

Tempest

Beside the river Liffey stands the picturesque ruin of a mill, overshadowed by some noble trees, that grow in great luxuriance at the water's edge. Here, one day, I was accosted by a silver-haired old man, that for some time had been observing me, and who, when I was about to leave the spot, approached me, and said, "I suppose it's after takin' off the ould mill you'd be, sir?"

I answered in the affirmative.

"Maybe your honour id let me get a sight iv it," said he.

"With pleasure," said I, as I untied the strings of my portfolio, and, drawing the sketch from amongst its companions, presented it to him. He considered it attentively for some time, and at length exclaimed,

"Troth, there it is to the life—the broken roof and the wather-coorse; ay, even to the very spot where the gudgeon of the wheel was wanst, let alone the big stone at the corner that was laid the first by *himself*; and he gave the last word with mysterious emphasis, and handed the drawing back to me, with a "thankee sir," of most respectful acknowledgment.

"And who was 'himself,' " said I, "that laid that stone?" feigning ignorance, and desiring "to draw him out," as the phrase is.

"Oh, then, maybe it's what you'd be a stranger here," said he.

"Almost," said I.

"And did you never hear tell of L——'s mill," said he, "and how it was built?"

"Never," was my answer.

"Troth, then, I thought young and ould, rich and poor, knew that—far and near."

"I don't, for one," said I; "but perhaps," I added, bringing forth some little preparation for a lunch, that I had about me, and producing a small flask of whiskey—"perhaps you will be so good as to tell me, and take a slice of ham, and drink my health," offering him a dram from my flask, and seating myself on the sod beside the river.

"Thank you kindly, sir," says he; and so, after "warming his heart," as he said himself, he proceeded to give an account of the mill in question.

"You see, sir, there was a man wonst, in times back, that owned a power o' land about here—but, God keep us! they say he didn't come by it honestly, but did a crooked turn whenever 'twas to sarve himself—and sure he *sowld* the pass,* and what luck or grace could he have after that?"

"How do you mean he sold the pass?" said I.

"Oh, sure your honour must have heerd how the pass was sowld, and he betrayed his king and country!"

"No, indeed," said I.

"Och, well," answered my old informant, with a shake of the head, which he meant, like Lord Burleigh in the *Critic* to be very significant, "it's no matter now, and I don't care talkin' about it; and laste said is soonest mended—howsomever, he got a power of money for that same! and the lands and what not; but the more he got, the more he craved, and there was no ind to strivin' for goold evermore, and thirstin' for the lucre of gain."

"Well, at last, the story goes, the devil (God bless us!) kem to him, and promised him hapes o' money, and all his heart could desire, and more too, if he'd sell his sowl in exchange."

"Surely he did not consent to such a dreadful bargain as that?" said I.

"Oh, no, sir," said the old man, with a slight play of muscle about the corners of his mouth, which, but that the awfulness of the subject suppressed it, would have amounted to a bitter smile—"oh no, he was too cunnin' for that, bad as he was—and he was bad enough, God knows—he had some regard for his poor sinful sowl, and he would not give himself up to the devil, all out; but the villian, he thought he might make a bargain with the ould chap, and get all he wanted, and keep himself out of harm's way still; for he was mighty cute—and troth he was able for ould Nick any day."

"Well, the bargain was struck: and it was this-a-way:—The devil was to give all the goold ever he'd ask for, and was to let him alone as long as he could; and the timpter promised him a long day, and said 'twould be a great while before he'd want him at all at all; and whin that time kem, he was to keep his hands aff him, as long as the other could give him some work he couldn't do."

* An allusion to a post of importance that was betrayed in some of the battles between William III. and James II.

"So when the bargain was made, 'Now,' says the colonel to the devil, 'give me all the money I want.'

"As much as you like,' says ould Nick—'how much will you have?'

"You must fill me that room,' says he, pointin' into a murderin' big room, that he emptied out on purpose—'you must fill me that room,' says he, 'up to the very ceilin' with goolden guineas.'

"And welkin,' says the devil.

"With that, sir, he began to shovel in the guineas into the room, like mad; and the colonel towld him, that as soon as he was done, to come to him in his own parlour below, and that he would then go up and see if the devil was as good as his word, and had filled the room with the goolden guineas. So the colonel went down stairs, and the ould fellow worked away as busy as a nailer, shovellin' in the guineas by hundreds and thousands.

"Well, he worked away for an hour, and more, and at last he began to get tired; and he thought it *mighty odd* that the room wasn't fillin' faster.—Well, after restin' for a while, he began agin, and he put his shoulder to the work in earnest; but still the room was no fuller, at all at all.

"Och! bad luck to me,' says the devil, 'but the likes of this I never seen,' says he, 'far and near, up and down—the dickens a room I ever kem across afore,' says he, 'I couldn't cram while a cook would be crammin' a turkey, till now; and here I am,' says he, 'losin my whole day, and I with such a power o' work an my hands yit, and this room no fuller than if I began five minutes ago.'

"By gor, while he was spakin', he seen the hape o' guineas in the middle of the flure growin' *littler and littler* every minit; and at last they wor disappearin', for all the world, like corn in the hopper of a mill.

"Ho! ho! says ould Nick, 'is that the way wid you?' says he; and with that, he run over to the hape of goold—and what would you think, but it was runnin' down through a big hole in the flure, that the colonel made through the ceilin' in the room below; and that was the work he was at afther he left the devil, though he pertended he was only waitin' for him in his parlour; and there the devil when he looked down through the hole in the flure, seen the colonel, not content with the *two* rooms full of guineas, but with a big shovel, throwin' them into a closet on one side of him, as fast as they fell down. So puttin' his head through the hole, he called down to the colonel—

"Hillo! neighbour,' says he.

"The colonel looked up, and grew as white as a sheet, when he seen he was found out, and the red eyes starin' down at him through the hole.

"Musha, bad luck to your impudence!' says ould Nick: 'is it sthrivin' to chate me you are,' says he, 'you villain?'

"Oh! forgive me this wanst,' says the colonel, 'and, upon the honour of a gentleman,' says he, 'I'll never—'

"Whist! whist! you thievin' rogue,' says the devil—'I'm not angry with you, at all at all; but only like you the better, becase you're so cute—lave off slavin yourself there,' says he, 'you have got goold enough for this time; and whenever you want more you have only to say the word, and it shall be yours at command.'

"So, with that, the devil and he parted for that time; and myself doesn't know whether they used to meet often afther, or not; but the colonel never wanted money, any how, but went on prosperous in the world—and, as the saying is, if he took the dirt out o' the road, it id turn to money wid him; and so in coorse of time, he bought great estates, and was a great man entirely—not a greater in Ireland, troth."

Fearing here a digression on landed interest, I interrupted him, to ask, how he and the fiend settled their account at last?

"Oh, sir, you'll hear that all in good time. Sure enough it's terrible, and wonderfule it is at the end, and mighty improvin'—glory be to God!"

"Is that what you say," said I, in surprise, "because a wicked and deluded man lost his soul to the tempter?"

"Oh, the Lord forbid, your honour; but don't be impatient, and you'll hear all. They say, at last, afther many years of prosperity, that the ould colonel got stricken in years, and he began to have misgivins in his conscience for his wicked doins, and his heart was heavy as the fear of death kem upon him; and sure enough, while he had such mournful thoughts, the devil kem to him, and tould him *he should go wid him*.

"Well, to be sure, the ould man was frekened, but he plucked up his courage and his cuteness, and tould the devil, in a bantherin' way, jokin' like, that he had partic'lar business thin, that he was goin' to a party, and hoped an ould friend wouldn't inconvenience him that away—"

"Well," said I, laughing at the "put off" of going to a party, "the devil, of course, would take no excuse, and carried him off in a flash of fire?"

"Oh no, sir," answered the old man, in something of a reproving, or, at least, offended tone—"that's the finish, I know very well, of many a story, such as we're talkin' of, but that's not the way of this, *which is thruth every word*, what I tell you—"

"I beg your pardon for the interruption," said I.

"No offence in life, sir," said the venerable chronicler, who was now deep in his story, and would not be stopped.

"Well, sir," continued he, "the devil said he'd call the next day, and that he must be ready; and sure enough, in the evenin' he kem to him; and when the colonel seen him, he reminded him of his bargain, that as long as he could give him some work he couldn't do, he wasn't obleeged to go.

"That's thrue,' says the devil.

"I'm glad you're as good as your word, any how,' says the colonel.

"I never bruk my word yit,' says the ould chap, cocking up his horns consaitedly—'honour bright,' says he.

"Well, then,' says the colonel, 'build me a mill, down there, by the river,' says he, 'and let me have it finished by to-morrow mornin'.'

"Your will is my pleasure,' says the ould chap, and away he wint; and

the colonel thought he had nicked ould Nick at last, and wint to bed quite asy in his mind.

"But, *jewel machree*, sure the first thing he heerd the next mornin' was, that the whole country round was runnin' to see a fine bran new mill, that was an the river side, where, the evening before, not a thing at all at all, but rushes was standin', and all, of coorse, wondherin' what brought it there; and some sayin' 'twas not lucky, and many more troubled in their mind, but one and all agreein' it was not good; and that's the very mill forninst you, that you were takin' aff, and the stone that I noticed is a remarkable one—a big coign-stone—that they say the devil himself laid first, and has the mark of four fingers and a thumb an it, to this day.

"But when the colonel heerd it, he was more troubled than any, of coorse, and began to contrive what else he could think iv, to keep him-out iv the claws of the ould one. Well, he often heerd tell that there was one thing the devil never could do, and I dar say you heerd it too, sir,—that is, that he couldn't make a rope out of the sands of the sae; and so when the ould one kem to him the next day, and said his job was done, and that now the mill was built, he must either tell him somethin' else he wanted done, or come away wid him.

"So the colonel said he saw it was all over wid him: 'but,' says he 'I wouldn't like to go wid you alive, and sure it's all the same to you, alive or dead?'

"Oh, that won't do,' says his frind; 'I can't wait no longer,' says he.

"I don't want you to wait, my dear frind,' says the colonel; 'all I want is, that you'll be pleased to kill me before you take me away.'

"With pleasure,' says ould Nick.

"But will you promise me my choice of dyin' one partic'lar way?' says the colonel.

"Half a dozen ways, if it plazes you,' says he.

"You're mighty obleegin', says the colonel; 'and so,' says he, 'I'd rather die by bein' hanged with a rope made out of the sands of the sae,' says he, lookin' mighty knowin' at the ould fellow.

"I've always one about me,' says the devil, 'to obleege my frinds,' says he; and with that, he pulls out a rope made of sand, sure enough.

"Oh, it's game you're makin'!' says the colonel, growin' as white as a sheet.

"The game is mine, sure enough, says the ould fellow, grinnin', with a terrible laugh.

"That's not a sand-rope at all,' says the colonel.

"Isn't it?' says the devil, hittin' him across the face with the end iv the rope, and the sand (for it *was* made of sand, sure enough), the sand went into one of his eyes, and made the tears come with the pain.

"That bates all I ever seen or heerd,' says the colonel, sthrivin' to rally, and make another offer—'is there any thing you *can't* do?'

"Nothin' you can tell me,' says the devil, 'so you may as well lave off your palaverin', and come along at wanst.'

"Will you give me one more offer?' says the colonel.

"You don't deserve it,' says the devil, 'but I don't care if I do;' for you see, sir, he was only playin' wid him, and tantalizing the ould sinner.

"All fair," says the colonel, and with that he ax'd him could he stop a woman's tongue?

"Thry me,' says ould Nick.

"Well, then,' says the colonel, 'make my lady's tongue be quiet for the next month, and I'll thank you.'

"She'll never trouble you agin,' says ould Nick; and with that, the colonel heerd roarin' and cryin', and the door of his room was thrown open, and in ran his daughter, and fell down at his feet, telling him her mother had just dropped dead.

"The minit the door opened the devil runs and hides himself behind a big elbow-chair; and the colonel was frekened almost out of his seven sinces, by raison of the sudden death of his poor lady, let alone the jeopardy he was in himself, seein' how the devil had *forestall'd* him every way; and afther ringin' his bell, and callin' to his sarvants, and recoverin' his daughter out of her faint, he was goin' away wid her out o' the room, when the devil caught hold of him by the skirt of the coat, and the colonel was obleeged to let his daughter be carried out by the sarvants, and shut the door afther them.

"Well,' says the devil, and he grinn'd and wagg'd his tail, and all as one as a dog when he's plased—'what do you say now?' says he.

"Oh,' says the colonel, 'only lave me alone until I bury my poor wife,' says he, 'and I'll go with you then, you villian,' says he.

"Don't call names,' says the devil; 'you had better keep a civil tongue in your head,' says he; 'and it doesn't become a gentleman to forget good manners.'

"Well, sir, to make a long story short, the devil pertended to let him off, out of kineness, for three days, until his wife was burried; but the raison of it was this, that when the lady his daughter fainted, he loosened the clothes about her throat, and in pulling some of her dhress away, he tuk aff a goold chain that was an her neck, and put it in his pocket, and the chain had a diamond crass an it, (the Lord be praised!) and the devil darn't touch him while he had the *sign of the crass* about him.

"Well, the poor colonel, God forgive him, was grieved for the loss his lady, and she had an *iligant berrin*—and they say, that when the prayers was readin' over the dead, the ould colonel took it to heart like any thing, and the word o' God kem home to his poor sinful sowl at last.

"Well, sir, to make a long story short, the ind iv it was, that for the three days o' grace that was given to him, the poor deluded ould sinner did nothin' at all but read the Bible from mornin' till night, and bit or sup didn't pass his lips all the time, he was so intint upon the holy book, but sat up in an ould room in the far ind iv the house, and bid no one disturb him an no account, and struv to make his heart bould with the words iv life; and sure it was somethin' strinthened him at last, though as the time drew nigh that the *inimy* was to come, he didn't feel asy; and no wonder; and, by dad, the three days was past and gone in no time, and the

tory goes, that at the dead hour o' the night when the poor sinner was eadin' away as fast as he could, my jew'l, his heart jumped up to his mouth, at gettin' a tap on the shoulder.

"Oh, murther!" says he, "who's there?" for he was afeard to look up.

"It's me," says the *ould one*, and he stood right foreinst him, and his eyes like coals o' fire, lookin' him through, and he said, with a voice that a'most split his ould heart, "Come!" says he.

"Another day," cried out the poor colonel.

"Not another hour," says Sat'n.

"Half an hour!"

"Not a quarter," says the devil, grinnin', with a bitter laugh—"give over your readin', I bid you," says he, and come away wid me."

"Only gi' me a few minits," says he.

"I've giv' your palaverin', you snakin' ould sinner," says Sat'n; "you know you're bought and sould to me, and a purty bargain I have o' you, you ould baste," says he—"so come along at wanst," and he put out his claw to ketch him; but the colonel tuk a fast hould o' the Bible, and begg'd hard that he'd let him alone, and wouldn't harm him until the bit o' candle that was just blinkin' in the socket before him was burned out.

"Well, have it so, you dirty coward," says ould Nick—and with that he spit an him.

But the poor ould colonel didn't lose a minit (for he was cunnin' to the ind), but snatched the little taste o' candle that was foreinst him, out o' the candlestick, and puttin' it in an the holy book before him, he shut down the cover an it, and quinch'd the light. With that, the devil gave a roar like a bull, and vanished in a flash o' fire, and the poor colonel fainted away in his chair; but the sarvants heerd the noise (for the devil tore aff the roof o' the house when he left it), and ran into the room, and brought their masher to himself again, and from that day out he was an altered man, and used to have the Bible read to him every day, for he couldn't read himself any more, by reason o' losin' his eye-sight, when the devil hit him with the rope of sand in the face, and after spit an him—for the sand wint into one eye, and he lost the other that-a-way, savin' your presence.

"So you see, sir, after all, the colonel, undher heaven, was too able for the devil, and by readin' the good book his sowl was saved, and (glory be to God!) *isn't that mighty improvin'?*"

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE INCONSOLABLE SOCIETY.

"There's such a charm in melancholy,
I would not, if I could, be gay."—ROGERS.

Societies are commonly established either for political, scientific or social purposes. The purpose of the society, of which, through the kindness of a broken hearted friend, we are about to afflict the world with an account, embraces all these. Its great Maxim is, that "man was made to mourn." It professes to include all mankind within its circle and to have no limit but the cradle on the one hand, and the coffin on the other. It is based upon what may justly be designated the Great Wretchedness Principle; and it would endeavour to extend the bond of union among men, by convincing them that every living thing has something in common with every other living thing. That something is—Sorrow. How desirable it is, then, that this one thing in common should be clearly and thoroughly understood by all—that its principles should be comprehended, its properties analyzed and demonstrated.

The objects that call other societies together are, as we have said, various; but they appertain only to the interests of individuals or classes, anxious to discover plausible answers to every-day questions—"What is knowledge?" "What is wit?" "What is power?" &c. But all the world (as well as his wife) is interested in the one grand question, "What is sorrow?" which some people take to be a paraphrase of the popular question, "What is taxes?" There is the point at which universal inquiry should begin. But such is human ignorance, that while all feel it, few know anything about it. As a science it is utterly uncultivated.—We assume the shadow of it now and then—at a funeral—and forego the reality. People are stupid enough in too many cases to content themselves with sham griefs. How many persons are we acquainted with who have abundant distress in this world, without really relishing any! How many more might be counted who have dribbled away their tears, frittered away their wretchedness, wasted all the woes they had, without doing themselves the least service, and in a manner no man knows how! In the one case, we have the miser, who does not enjoy his wealth, because he will not use it; and in the other, we have the spendthrift, to whom riches give no pleasure, because he makes them take to their wings. If people will not reduce their sorrows to a regular system, they can never experience the real luxury of woe. If they would know what sorrow is, they must qualify themselves for a seat in the society to which we are about to introduce them.

The Inconsolable Society is composed of a body of English gentlemen whose social principles are expressed in the motto at the head of this paper,—they would not, if they could, be gay. They are practical expounders of the Rogersian philosophy. They are thoroughly in earnest in their griefs. Their tears are rivers, and their sighs hurricanes. They have no enjoyment in life, if not truly miserable; and are never content but when they are beyond the reach of consolation. As Sorrow holds the key that unlocks the gate of Wisdom, it will be inferred that this society is a club of sages,—duly impressed with the conviction that ignorance is bliss, that the idiot is a happy fellow, that the half-knowing are tolerably comfortable, but that the wise only have the distinction of being supremely wretched, as it is the man who knows everything who alone knows that he knows nothing. Each fellow, therefore, holds rank and obtains estimation among the rest as a man of virtue and genius according to the depth of his despair and misery; in other words, his intellect is

not judged of by the breadth of his forehead, but by the length of his face.

We have used the term "fellow;" those who compose this society are not, however, called Fellows, but Wretches. Thus, while it is usual in other societies to refer to an individual as the gallant member, or the honourable and learned gentleman, it is the custom in this to say, "I rise to second the motion of the unfortunate wretch," or, "in reply to the miserable wretch who has just fainted," &c. The speaker is frequently received with deep sighs and long-continued sobbing, but these are the only interruptions he is likely to experience. No laughter was ever heard in the assembly, save that which claims "severest woe" as its parent.

It is implied in the title of the association that every wretch, upon his entrance, undertakes to leave hope behind. It is considered to be a point of honour not to listen to any story, to view any spectacle, or to contract any habit that might have any tendency to raise the spirits, or insensibly to weaken the charm of that melancholy which forbids the wish to be gay even where the power exists. The sorrower must be inconsolable, or he is not strictly and in spirit a member of the society. His rueful countenance must not, therefore, betray a sly and peeping spirit of humour at the corner of the mouth or in the twinkle of the eye—between the tears "as it were;" his mourningsuit must not be lined with flame-coloured taffety.

Nevertheless, it must be especially noted that these necessary provisions for the due melancholy and deep-seated despair of the club, by no means preclude the entertainment by its members, collectively or individually, of many of the ordinary topics that engage the conversational powers of other societies and of the community in general. It must not be supposed that, because the mourner is pledged to preserve his sorrows in all their original sacredness he is not to discourse on subjects which are by courtesy termed entertaining, to visit what are jocosely designated places of amusement, or to herd with dogs called droll and fellows styled jolly. Perhaps the very reverse of an abandonment of what are usually described as recreations, may be essential to the efficient cultivation of the required despondency. Of comfort certainly, no regularly admitted Inconsolable must speak; but, on the other hand, there is no occasion for him

"To talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;"

for, with precisely the same effect upon his feelings, he may talk of bards, of songs, and theatres. The rules that govern the Inconsolables by no means, for example, preclude a visit to Drury-lane on any night when what is called a legitimate comedy may be represented; there will not be the least danger of the member's forfeiting caste in the society, or of losing for a single instant any portion of the weight upon his spirits, or the intense gravity of his look. To select a night, however, when a tragedy is played might be deemed injudicious and culpable, as some risk must be incurred of a liveliness incompatible with perfect solemnity of mind. Should any of the more inexperienced adopt this perilous course, it is possible that they take care to weep piteously before the tragedy begins; remembering the plan adopted by Richelieu's listeners, who laughed before he opened his mouth. "And very right," said Walpole; "if they had waited, they would not have laughed at all."

Nor do the rules deny to any body the privilege of dining with Lord — on a state occasion, or with Mr. — when he insists upon your taking a family dinner with him. In fact, there are a hundred well known dinner tables about town, at which you may be seated three hours per diem per annum, and be sure to meet with neither dish nor drollery at all calculated to excite either the stomach or spirit beyond the point of a total suspension of enjoyment. To these you may go, not merely with impunity, but with advantage; for as "true no-meaning puzzles more than wit," so dulness is more afflicting to him who comes in contact with it than "comfortless despair;" and hence the diner out may derive an additional shade to his misery, especially if, as we have already hinted, he should drop into a theatre on his way home.

Another exemplary mode of working out the principles of the society, and of acquiring a character for confirmed and unaffected wretchedness, consists in spending a long evening with a family in which the daughters have a passion for poetry and the sons for punning; or where there is a little girl who is not only spiteful enough to sing, but barbarous enough to sing in Italian; or a little boy who is not only so wicked as to say his name is Norval, but so diabolical as to way-lay Eliza on the wood-crowned height. Or a dinner once a month with a host who keeps a lion to exhibit periodically,—the said lion delivering himself of the identical roar on each occasion, and that roar being the mere squeak of a most magnanimous mouse;—this is an unexceptionable mode of keeping up your melancholy, and the practice is doubtless a favourite one in the society of Inconsolables. There are, moreover, fancy balls, evening parties, and musical *soirees* in abundance, most of which may be made to minister to a mind diseased in the very way in which physicians are sometimes thought to minister to the diseased body. Of course, the conversaziones of science and literature afford unfailing resources for those members of the Disconsolate Club who are liable to occasional misgivings as to their misery, and to fears lest society should contain a charm for their affliction. Such temptations may always be yielded to by the timid with a perfect reliance upon their power to extend their influence of ennui, and to insure a practical obedience to the mandate to "increase and multiply," in the family of the blue-devils.

Of the thousand remaining expedients another yet may be mentioned. A gentleman who feels uncomfortable, and desires to be inconsolable, should never fail to accept an invitation to dine in snugness with a particular friend and his particular wife. The effect in either case is likely to be the addition of a deep shade to his previous gloom. If alone with his friend, he will be pretty sure to quarrel, soon after the commencement of the third bottle, either about the bottle itself, or a mutual acquaintance, or about Lord Melbourne, or the Homeric unity. Or if a lady should be in the case, then the host and hostess will most likely take advantage of the presence of a dear friend, and esteem themselves singularly fortunate in the opportunity of getting up a quarrel between themselves, and of appealing to an affectionate but impartial judgment upon the merits of the

"scene." Every body must have observed that man and wife are seldom so apt—should we not rather say so anxious—to dispute, as when seated by the fireside in snug security with the early and intimate friend of the husband—that friend who, the lady cannot help thinking, led her lord into every species of dissipation before she knew either of them, who still keeps him out, as often as may be, very late at night,—who is acquainted with secrets which she scorns to pry into, because she is utterly at a loss to discover them, and about whom she always thought there was something rather mysterious and vastly disagreeable.

It may be thought, and the probability is suggested to our minds by this very allusion to circumstances of friendly intercourse, that the Inconsolable Society has made a fatal mistake in seeking to form a club for the purpose of a general communication and confession of grievances. Every objector will bring his own experience against the project, and insist that to disclose our sorrows is to lighten them—to pour a part of our griefs into a friend's bosom is partially to get rid of them—to tell people that we are wretched, is to be far less miserable than we declare ourselves to be. This is an error, and a very vulgar one. Push the doctrine to a test, or, in modern phraseology, carry out the principle, and where does it leave you? Here:—that the man who was bowed down by sorrow when he took his morning walk, having bored with the heart-rending tale of his distresses every acquaintance whom he encountered, is perfectly upright when he sits down to dinner. Such is the wisdom of old maxims—such the charity of worldly notions of morality—that we may chatter away our griefs by chattering them into other people, relieve ourselves by racking all we meet. The society with whose philosophy our heart-broken friend has made us slightly acquainted, is not composed of such unconscionable complainants. Their doctrine is, that if you are in possession of a solid and steadfast woe, you are bound to cherish it. Get grief and keep it. Lavish not your troubles on any man whose heart will not ache to the core as it receives them. Sorrow is sacred; and what the moral philosopher of Fielding (Jonathan Wild the Great) said of mischief, may with not less truth be said of misery—it is too precious a thing to be wasted.

Another class of sceptics may urge what they would deem a fatal objection; that, in an assembly of friends, all wretched, no man could be wretched long—because, each one seeing so many shareholders of his affliction completely disconsolate, must necessarily find (in accordance with the philosophy of friendship) his own affliction decrease in proportion to the extent of his survey. According to these, nothing checks one's tears like seeing the eyes of one's friends filling with water. This, also, is an error. The truth is to be found in the very depth of the sentiment entertained by the Inconsolables; the companion-sentiment to the popular one, "the more the merrier." "The more the miserabler," is the maxim, less grammatical than grievous, of the society for the dissemination of wretchedness. We believe, of course, with the philosopher, that there is something in the distresses of even our dearest friends that is far from being displeasing to us; but this can only be when we ourselves are not under the influence of a consuming sorrow. In moments of ease or of languor, it may be an agreeable excitement to hear of a banker's failure, by which one dear friend loses half a fortune—or of a footman's flight, by which another loses a daughter, or perhaps a wife; but such pleasures cannot reach us in the season of our utter wretchedness. As, in the language of Lord Bacon, a little philosophy carries us away from religion, while a greater brings us round to it; so it may be said that a small trouble or vexation carries us to a point of sympathy, while a greater brings us round again to self. The language of another illustrious ornament of our literature, the celebrated Mr. William Lackaday, may be cited in support of our doctrine—"My own distresses touches me more nearer than anybody else's!" One pang of our own is a sort of Aaron's serpent that swallows up those of our friends. The *bona fide* proprietor of those popular commodities called afflictions sore, well knows that there are times when the worst that can happen to others brings no particle of comfort to the heart. While the gout is gnawing, the sufferer is quite insensible to pleasing emotions, though you were to tell him that his wife's brother was in the gazette, or his own uncle going to be hanged.

The principle of the society is, therefore, a sound one. When we are in trouble, the trouble even of a friend is a bore. The Inconsolables are in no danger of consolation while they assemble together. Every long visage is a full-length likeness of all the rest; and each mourner sees his own calamity staring him in the face, in a hundred directions—which is sufficiently unpleasant. Every man hears, in the multitudinous moan of the assembly, the voice of his own dolour, and his grief deepens with the groan. Nature has done much on behalf of misery, but it is the glorious province of art to double the natural poignancy of it, and add a more refined venom to the sting.

The qualification for admission into this rapidly rising society, is only defined in the general provision that the candidate must be past consolation. It will not do to look merely melancholy and gentlemanlike; the society admits of no mock-miseries. No vague misanthropy or lugubrious morbidity of disposition, is sufficient to ensure election. Neither will an actual calamity, however tragic to the party, at all times prevail. We can relate an instance. An acquaintance of the miserable wretch to whom we owe these particulars of the institution, offered himself lately as a candidate—on the ground of having unexpectedly become a widower the week before. The loss of a wife was not held to be a sufficient qualification, and the gentleman was white-balled—for the black balls in this society are the certificates, not of rejection, but of election. It appearing afterwards, however, that a considerable annuity, which he had enjoyed in right of his wife, had ceased with her, his claim was readily reconsidered, and unanimously allowed. Among other cases, our inconsolable friend mentioned that of a highly popular author, who was recently labouring under a grievous attack of *tadium vita*, and wished to join the Inconsolables, in consequence of the remorselessness of a literary reviewer, who had infamously proved him to be a blockhead. The plea was not satisfactory; and the highly popular author would have been rejected, as not thoroughly undone and broken-hearted, had not the scale been suddenly turned in his favour by the fact, that his most particular and intimate

friend had resolved to write a defence of him in another literary journal. This at once decided the point of qualification.

In other instances the society may seem to act with less caution, though such is not in reality the case. A young gentleman claimed to be admitted as a miserable wretch, on the score of having, in a moment of warm-hearted enthusiasm, lent a much-esteemed college chum his acceptance for an amount nearly equal to all he was worth in the world. The bill had not become due, but the gentleman was at once elected—the misery being taken for granted, and the ruin voted inevitable.

The Inconsolables have a club-room, open at all hours, the walls of which would present to the view, were there a little more light, sketches of the most celebrated prisons, hospitals, churchyards, and lunatic asylums of the country—all executed by the Messrs. Grieve.

"More doleful sight did never eye survey."

Were you to follow two gentlemen in, after a summer-morning saunter through this melancholy metropolis, you would probably find them sinking upon a seat, in a snug, silent, dreary nook, resting their wretched elbows upon the unfeeling table, and their care-worn cheeks upon their uncomfortable hands—and ordering, for purposes of refreshment, clean cambric handkerchiefs for two. You would find in the opposite corner a woe-begone personage retailing to a companion, with many sighs, all the jokes out of the new farce, with the view of throwing a fresh damp upon his spirits. Others would be reading newspapers for the same purpose, and, judging from the countenance, with considerable success; the parliamentary reports especially would appear to be taken with inestimable advantage to the objects of the reader.

It is a noticeable fact, that the majority of the miseries who form the society were in other days more or less famous upon town as desperate punsters, jovial blades, practical jokers, and inveterate wags. The burthen of their morning and evening song was

"Oh, there's nothing in life can sadden us!"

The transition from the incorrigible to the inconsolable, from the sublimely droll to the ridiculously dreary, is but a step—and it is often taken. Then, seven days were too few for the week's holiday; now, the only objection they have to the measure for making dark and doleful the seventh day is, that its beneficent provisions do not extend to the other six. But the change suits them, and they would no more be gay now than they would have been grave of old. Each lays claim to a supremacy of sorrow, and to each the pleasing couplet applies—

"If ever man to misery was born,

'Tis mine to suffer, and 'tis mine to mourn."

Their misery is the keener, because, like treason, it has done its worst; the cup can but overflow, and this conviction doubles the bitterness of their draught. So may they sing still, in a different sense, but with an infinitely deeper assurance of a faithful fulfilment than they had before—so may they sing still,

"Oh, there's nothing in life can sadden us!"

LAST MOMENTS OF TURENNE.

The brilliant career of Turenne has few parallels in modern history.—He was trained to the art of war from boyhood; he served for a year as a common soldier, and such was the rapidity of his rise, that at the early age of thirty-two he was made a marshal of France. From the age of twenty-four to the moment of his death, he knew scarce any relaxation from active service; and for forty years he was one of the most renowned generals of France or Europe. Holland and Flanders, Italy, and parts of Germany, were the principal scenes of his exploits, which extended nearly half through the long and splendid reign of Louis XIV.

Early in the year 1675, Turenne shewed the strongest inclination to retire from the world. He was now somewhat advanced in life, having entered his 64th year; and though yet capable of great fatigue, his strength was not what it had formerly been. He was wearied equally with the pleasures and applauses of the world, and with the life of incessant activity which he had led from boyhood; whilst he was anxious to throw off all further cares, and pass the rest of his days amongst the good fathers of the Oratory, to whom he had become sincerely attached since his conversion to the Roman Catholic faith. He was not, however, enabled to enjoy this repose; and being once more called into the field, lost his life by a chance of war, as he was reconnoitering the Austrian General Montecuculi, near Sasbach, on July 27, 1675. The circumstances of his death are very interesting. He had just resolved to attack the enemy, and had given the necessary orders for bringing up and forming his troops according to the plan he had laid out in his own mind. A good deal of agitation was visible in the imperial forces, though a desultory cannonade was kept up on both sides.

"Turenne had heard mass and taken the communion; and he then lay down under a tree to breakfast, expressing much confidence in the success of the approaching battle, which was very unusual with him. After he had been in that spot some time, information was brought to him that a movement, as if for the purpose of retreat, had been observed in the enemy's line; and mounting his horse, he rode forward to ascertain what was the real cause thereof. As he rode on, he ordered all his staff to remain behind, and shortly after met an English officer, who said to him, 'Come this way; they are firing in that direction.' 'I do not intend to be killed to-day,' replied Turenne with a smile, and rode on. A few steps further he found St. Hilaire, who commanded the artillery, and who had been busily engaged in making dispositions for the approaching battle. As soon as he saw Turenne he exclaimed, 'Look at that battery which I have placed there!' The marshal drew in his horse; and, at that moment, a cannon ball carried off the arm of St. Hilaire with which he was pointing to the battery, and struck Turenne himself in the very middle of the body. His head fell forward instantly; and the horse, finding no pressure on the reign, turned round and galloped back to the spot where the staff had remained. There it stopped; and Turenne, who had kept his seat

till that moment, fell into the arms of those who surrounded him. He twice opened his eyes, but he never spoke more; and in an instant after, the last spark of life had departed.

"A cloak was immediately thrown over the body to conceal the event from the soldiery; but the agitation of the principal officers who surrounded the corpse, and the sight of the well known horse of the marshal, without a rider, soon spread the tidings. Numbers then rushed forward to see the body of a general whom all loved with enthusiasm; but the sight inspired them with enthusiasm rather than depressed them, and they demanded vehemently to be led forward to avenge the death of 'their Father,' as they commonly called that great man.

"Henry de la Tour, Viscount Turenne," says the Count de Bussy-Rabutin, one of his most celebrated contemporaries, "was of a middling height, and with large shoulders, which he raised from time to time in speaking.—this is a kind of bad habit which one acquires generally from want of assurance. He had large contracted eyebrows, which gave him an unhappy air.

"He had so much experience in war, that with good judgment, which he had, and extraordinary application to the trade, he rendered himself the greatest captain of his age. To hear him speak in council, he seemed the most irresolute of men; nevertheless, when compelled to choose his part, no one ever chose it better or more rapidly. His true talent, which is, in my opinion, the most to be esteemed in war, was that of regaining the advantage when matters were in a bad state. When, in the presence of enemies he found himself the weaker, there was no position out of which, by a rivulet, ravine, wood, or eminence, that he did not find the means of turning to some advantage. Up to the last eight years of his life, he had been more circumspect than enterprising; but seeing that temerity was the fashion, he became less careful than he had been, and as he chose his measures better than others, he gained as many battles as he fought. His prudence proceeded from his temperament, and his boldness from his experience.

"He had a very great extent of mind, capable of governing a state as well as an army. He was by no means ignorant in literary matters, and knew something of the Latin poets, and a thousand beautiful passages in the French poets. He was fond enough of *bons mots*, and was an adept therein. He was simple in his dress, and even in his expressions. One of his greatest qualities was his contempt for riches: never was there a man who cared so little about money as he did. He had commanded the army of France in Germany, where he might have amassed millions and he had not done it. This disinterestedness, together with the high alliances which he had in that country, gave him much credit with the Germans.

"He loved women, but without attaching himself to them. He was fond of the pleasures of the table, but without excess. He was a pleasant companion; he knew a thousand tales, took pleasure in telling them, and told them very well. During the last years of his life, he was courteous and benevolent: he gained the love and esteem both of officers and soldiers; and in point of glory, he found himself, at length, so much above all the world, that the fame of others could no more incommode him."

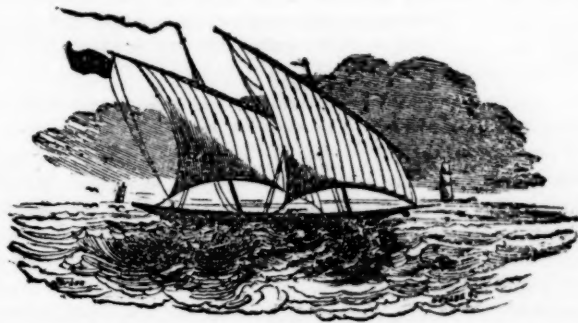
All parties mourned Turenne: Montecuculi himself expressed the deepest sorrow, exclaiming, "There died a man who did honour to man!" Grief and consternation spread through France at his death; and the king ordered the body of his great general to be buried at St. Denis, in the chapel of the kings.

INTELLECTUAL RESOURCES OF LONDON.

There are in the metropolis no less than forty one societies devoted to scientific, literary, and collateral pursuits, meeting periodically during the session, which with the greatest majority commence in November, and terminate in June, and this distinct from the literary and scientific institutions of which there is one in almost every district. The Royal Society, the parent of the whole, founded in 1663, extends to every department of natural knowledge, but so numerous are the ramifications which have sprung from it, that it now confines its attention to the more abstract departments of each. For the study of antiquities there are two:—The Society of Antiquaries, founded in 1717, for the study of the antiquities of this kingdom, and the Numismatic Society, a flourishing association, which, as its name imports, is confined to coins and medals. For natural history there are eight. The Linnean Society, alike for the objects of botanical and zoological investigation. In zoology two, the Zoological and Entomological Societies; and for horticulture and botany five, viz. Royal Society of Horticulture, Horticultural, Royal Botanical, Metropolitan, and Botanical Societies, each of which, with the exception of the latter, hold periodical exhibitions. For astronomy there are two, viz. the Royal Astronomical and Uranian Societies; and for objects of specific investigation in mathematics and natural philosophy, the Mathematical, Meteorological, and Electrical Society. The Society of Arts, which stands alone prominent for the encouragement of the useful arts, was founded in 1754, and objects formerly confined to it are now embraced by the institutes of civil engineers and British architects, and the Architectural Society. The Geographical and Geological Societies are, as their names import, addressed to the study of the external characteristics and structure of the earth. One body only, the Royal Society of Literature, is exclusively devoted to objects of literary research. The Royal Asiatic Society takes the wide and extended range of the science, language, and literature of the eastern continent; and the Statistical Society, dealing with facts, embraces the details of all sciences where numbers are concerned. At the Royal, London, and United Service Institutions, the lectures and *conversazioni* are of a miscellaneous character, taking the wide range of literature and science.

The English Agricultural Society, having scientific objects meets periodically in London; and the Camden Society may be added, and which, although not holding periodic meetings, advances literature by the choice-ness of its publications. Devoted to the reading of papers, and to practical discussions on medical subjects, there are eight,—viz.—the Royal

Medico-Chirurgical, and London and Westminster Medical, the Physical, Hunterian, Harveian, Phrenological, and Medico-Botanical Societies. There are also three societies devoted to conversation on the fine arts, viz.—Graphic, Artists', and Amateurs' Societies. The total number of meetings occupied by these societies, distributed over the session of 35 weeks, is 623, making the average of 18 per week, or 3 each evening. The number of members in the last session is estimated at 17,000, the names of many of whom are, however, enrolled in more societies than one. The total incomes, or sum raised last year for scientific objects, was nearly £41,000, and the funded property possessed by these societies, estimated last June, was £81,500. Only four, viz.—The Royal, Antiquarian, Geological, and Astronomical Societies, receive aid from Government in public accommodation; and one other only, the Geographical, is assisted by grants, from the same source, in the prosecution of its objects. There are twelve Mechanics' Literary and Scientific Institutions in the immediate circle of the Metropolis, which average 4,510 members, an income of £7,500; and, unaided by any grants from government, the total annual amount raised by voluntary contribution for the diffusion of scientific and literary knowledge, may be stated as little less than £50,000 in addition to the income derived from a funded property of £80,000. This, too, is independent of the resources of the many provincial societies scattered throughout the kingdom, the incomes of some of which are very considerable.



THE CORSAIR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1840.

EMBROIDERY.

This reigning, elegant amusement, which is confined within the limits of the drawing-room or consecrated boudoir, is, with the aid of German dyes and German mechanism, fast inspiring our fair enthusiasts in the art with the proud hope of snatching the laurel from the looms of the Gobelins, and even vying with the old masters in transparency of colouring, and the glowing warmth of chiaro-oscuro. Is it not so fairest maiden? Answer me, if thou canst find time to raise those darting eyes of hazel from the slender frame of sandal-wood in thy lily clasp, enclosing a seivie-like canvass on which thou art stitching to the life, with a taste only equalled by thy ardour, the Head of the Virgin! Who but thou, could with salmon and cream "zephyr worsteds," paint the tender pallor of that cheek, and with a shade of crimson fainter than the last expiring flush of twilight, deepen the sweet lips to Nature's dye! Who but thou, could with a thread of silvery floss inclose the dark brilliants that are raised in piercing melancholy to Heaven, and frame, above them, the low brow of alabaster, shaded by neglected tresses of Titian's favourite hue, "the colour of a filbert fully ripe," intermingled with a thread of gold! Yet after all, 'tis mechanical, I exclaimed with a sigh. "Mechanical!" quoth the ruby lips of the gentle artist, "to be sure, the general outline and perspective, as well as shade of colouring, are defined for me, but who but a dolt follows accurately the German pattern? Thinkest thou I followed it, (pointing to a rich embroidered screen) when I stitched the form of that Spanish Gipsy, and painted her jetty locks, and midnight eyes? Then, too, (pulling a snowy cover from a low ottoman) thinkest thou mechanical genius taught me the rich study of tracing with my gorgeous worsteds the gallant bearing of this youthful Greek with a form that Paris might have envied, and a glance that consumes me as I gaze into his wild, melancholy eyes! There is indeed much," she added, "to render this occupation sacred and fascinating to my sex; not alone from its time-killing influence, or the pleasure of completing successfully a brilliant picture, but from those distinguished associations, which, from the early ages down to the present moment, are indissolubly woven with this Queen-like amusement. The faithful consort of Ulysses consoled herself for his long absence by engrossing her anxious mind in the practice of embroidery, keeping her numerous suitors at bay, with the promise of her royal favour, when she should have finished her task, which she continued to prolong till the return of her bosom's lord, by undoing at night a portion of the work which she accomplished during the day. When the generous Dido invited the tempest-tost Æneas to visit her royal residence, the banqueting

apartment displayed rich purple garments wrought with art. If they were not the work of the enamoured Queen they establish the existence of embroidery, in those days, and its appreciation by the rich and luxurious. The lovely Andromache, after the death of the gallant Hector, was doomed to numerous and unusual vicissitudes. She finally became the not unhappy wife of Helenus. When Æneas arrived at Bathrotus, and unexpectedly recognised her, their meeting was nearly as affecting as her parting with Hector. At his departure, she presented him as well as the youthful Ascanius with sumptuous garments wrought with threads of gold, as a mark of her reverence and esteem. How beautiful the illustration of the value of the art!

It is related of the Queen of Ferdinand of Spain, whose every act in life, whether it partakes of the heroic, or the exquisite refinement and delicacy of her sex, is worthy of our veneration, that she "left ample evidence of her skill, in the rich specimens of embroidery wrought with her own fair hands, with which she decorated the churches." The beautiful but unfortunate Mary Stewart, while buried alive in the castle of Lochleven, sought relief from the overwhelming weight of anxious thought, in this graceful resource, blending together, with the refinement of art, the melancholy night-shade, and sweet-breath'd violet, the drooping snow-drop, and half unfolded blossom of the rose, tied with heather and fragrant eglantine. How sacred the smallest fragment of her skill! A solitary leaf, upon whose tender outline her angelic glance had rested, would be dearer to me than the chaplet of Sappho.

The mother of the immortal Vandyke was passionately fond of embroidery, and has left several superb specimens upon historical subjects which are valued as *chef d'œuvres*. It is recorded by Mrs. Jameson, that on one occasion Axiosto found the idol of his affections, Alessandra Strozzi, embroidering a robe with wreaths of lilies and amaranths. "Gracefully bending over her frame with veiled lids and suspended needle, she listens to his tender homage. Even the pattern from which she is working, the silk, the gold, the lawn made happy by her touch, are sanctified and envied. "Ah," he exclaims, "that she would rather take pattern after me, and imitate the constant love I bear her."

"But," added our fair artist, with increased animation, "I have not proved to you yet, I fear, that this elegant occupation is not entirely mechanical. Listen to me, and I will convince you that genius and originality of design have at least once been conspicuously developed in the progress of the gentle arts; in fact, to use a quaint witticism, I will satisfy you that 'one may dance on the ropes without reading Euclid.'"

A beautiful Saracen girl, in the days of Palestine feuds, was rapturously fond of this pursuit, which she carried to such surprising excellence, that many believed her to be assisted by the evil demon Ternebock. She would pass whole days in profound solitude, absorbingly engrossed in the execution of some favourite gem, and at night, sit for hours upon her low couch, her hands folded upon her bosom, and her soft eyes raised in sublime communion with the stars. Suddenly, without any apparent vision or excitement, she became more than even fascinated with her amusement, bearing constantly in her hand the delicate frame of ivory inlaid with gold, sparkling with diamond rivets at the four corners, to preserve in place the rich brocade into whose tissue she was transferring some valued subject. No one was permitted to look upon the cherished work, not even her tender-hearted mother, who sat day by day at a distance watching the intense devotion of her radiant child. Her father was summoned at the head of his forces to repair to Jerusalem, when an attack by the Crusaders under the invincible wing of England's lion-hearted Monarch, was hourly expected. His absence was protracted for a longer time than was anticipated, and fearful grew the solicitude of the loving wife; but not, alas, for him alone. The maiden artist had finished the hallowed piece of embroidery, and with the devotion of a Saint bent in hourly and speechless delight over it. Sometimes suspending it in a new and more favourable light, she would gaze up to it with an intensity of animation that bathed the cheek of the fairy creature in tears; then snatching it down, she would prop it by soft cushions, and kneel before it, while her dark tresses swept the ground, in humblest adoration of the product of her skill. Her father at length returned, and brought with him a prisoner of youthful mien, who was captured from the English ranks. His stature was god-like, and his face, though possessing lines of beauty, was shrouded in melancholy. He was treated with every mark of distinguished kindness by his noble captor, and after the expiration of a few days, at the request of the latter, accompanied his host to the inner apartment of the household to be presented to the mother and daughter. As the rich curtain before their favourite retreat was withdrawn, and the graceful prisoner entered the gorgeous chamber, a shriek wilder than the mountain eagle, when his "cloud-capt" home has been suddenly invaded, filled the perfumed room—a heavy fall upon the marble floor, and the graceful artist was no longer numbered with the living. Her cold form was raised with speechless horror, and embalmed and shortly entombed. The idolized

picture of her long contemplation was eagerly sought for;—but who can paint the astonishment and dismay of that agonized group, when the favourite attendant of the ill-fated maiden, bore the cherished embroidery-frame into the apartment, and discovered to their spell-bound gaze, the accurate lineaments of the captive crusader! He had never before that disastrous interview met the glance of the heart-stricken enthusiast!

Such was the superstitious awe of the bereaved father, that his prisoner was suffered to depart under safe escort to join his companions in arms.—And now," exclaimed our gentle relator, "do you believe embroidery purely mechanical?"

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

The elasticity of spirit possessed by the inhabitants of this city, was most amply evidenced on this great day of congratulations and good wishes. The corroding cares which spring from the vexations and vicissitudes of an unpropitious season for business, seemed to have been entirely thrown off; and as the heart and mind were lightened of their burden, the buoyant spirits arose, and one general appearance of gladness pervaded the entire city. The day was brilliant, but the weather was stinging cold; yet few were detained within doors by the severity without. Smiling pedestrians were everywhere met, and some streets were actually thronged with the glad crowd of merry-hearted good wishers. The plunge into the streets, from the warm parlours radiant with the smiles of the beautiful, and rendered summer like by the blooming exotics, was scarcely less severe than a Russian bath,—yet the sudden change of temperature heightened the glow on every cheek and animated the spirits of every visitor. Glorious day is New Year's in old Gotham! May all our fair and gentle readers enjoy many, many happy ones.

At the principal Hotels there were the usual manifestations of hospitality exhibited, and large companies sat down to tables covered with substantials and all the varieties of the winter market. The Astor House was literally thrown open to the friends of that unsurpassed establishment, and we have seldom seen a more cheerful and vivacious company than did honor to the abounding luxuries of the rich and tasteful repast. The pleasures of the evening were enhanced by music, speeches, and "the well told tale," and the subdued hilarity of the party gave ample token that the wines were as good as they were abundant. The songs and glees were capital—the toasts spirited and to the point—and the bits of humor and fun flitting from ear to ear, gave to the festive board the semblance of a patriarchal home-feast, at which all were happy, but none more so than they whose care it was to provide the entertainment, and whose pride it was to see their table surrounded by friends and visitors, with smiles on their faces and contentment and joy in their hearts.

THE STANDING COMMITTEES IN CONGRESS.—It is always a matter of interest to find our friends on this and that Committee; and as citizens of New York, we were gratified to find our city representation honored by a place on four of the most important. It will be pardoned us for congratulating the commercial portion of this community that Mr. Curtis is Chairman of the Committee of Commerce; a situation to which his talents for business, his indefatigable industry, his cautious zeal in behalf of his constituents, and his open and courteous demeanor, eminently entitle him. Congress is now fairly under way, and we hope soon to have the pleasure of transferring to our columns some noble bursts of eloquence from an assembly composed of so much talent that an occasion can only be wanting to elicit its worth and its power.

THE REDUCTION OF POSTAGE.—We are very glad to see that Mr. Buchanan, of U. S. Senate, has made an early movement on this important subject. He has presented a memorial numerously signed by the citizens of Pennsylvania, stating it is their belief that the social, moral, political and pecuniary condition of the country would be improved, if there was a reduction on Postage, so that the maximum amount charged for any letter should not exceed ten cents. This is a subject on which party spirit should have no bearing, and we cannot but hope that the example of England, and the advantages derived from the "penny postage plan" of Mr. Hill, will have an influence in advancing so desirable an improvement in what so nearly concerns the entire community of the States. Is it not surprising that there exists so much apathy and indifference in this commercial emporium, on a subject which bears so directly on its interests, and which has so long been complained of as imposing a most burdensome tax?

MRS. DECATUR.—Recent advices contradict the reported death of this lady, and pronounce her so much better that hopes are entertained of her recovery. We never see the name of the widow of the gallant Decatur in the columns of a newspaper, but a sense of shame and mortification arises in our minds that the sole relic of that heroic man,—the

man who confessedly did more for the glory of the American flag than any other single individual in our Navy,—should have been for years and years a disappointed petitioner for justice at the hands of an enlightened Republic. And now when the boon so long withheld, was about to be realised, it is melancholy to learn that the recipient of a country's tribute to the daring prowess of her husband, is laid low on the couch of sickness, and unconscious of the tardy amendment of her wrongs.

THE PERIODICALS.

THE KNICKERBOCKER FOR DECEMBER is worthy of being the closing number for the old year. It came to us amid our Christmas pleasures, and it was not the least of our enjoyments to set ourselves down to a perusal of its pages with an earnest relish for the many good things we are always sure of finding in this our favourite Monthly. "The Editor's Table" is full of rich morsels. Mr. Irving's "Mountjoy," like all he does, and "Jacob Jones" by Mr. Center, is worthy the pen of any scholar and humourist in the land. A happy New-Year to the Knickerbocker!

THE NEW-YORK REVIEW for the first quarter of the new year, lies before us. We have read with much satisfaction several articles in this handsome Quarterly, and find indications of the same talents, and taste, and industry, that we have so often commended. There is much intellectual vigour and scholar-like precision pervading its pages, indeed we do not know where we could look for more sensible and well elaborated notices of current literature than may be found in this timely periodical. It is equally an honour to American letters and to the mechanical skill of its publisher.

HUNT'S MERCHANT'S MAGAZINE.—The present is the first number of the second half-yearly volume, and contains several original articles on subjects connected with the interests of those engaged in commercial pursuits. Statistics of Manufactures, Marine Insurance, Bank and Commercial Statistics, and the titles of tables of great value, and from authentic sources. Among the contributors to this number, we notice the names of Joseph Hopkinson, L. L. D., of Pennsylvania; Joseph Balch, Esq., Pres. Mer. Insurance Co., Boston; Walter R. Jones, Esq., Sec. to the Board of Underwriters; E.W. Slaughter, and Francis Brinley Esqrs, of New-York. This periodical is rapidly and deservedly increasing in popularity.

THE EUTERPIAN SINGERS will give a concert on Monday evening at the Stuyvesant Institute.

THE CARRIERS' ADDRESS OF THE CORSAIR.

We have heard so many encomiums bestowed on this "Address" and it having been written by one of the most faithful and fearless of the Corsair's crew, we believed our friends in the country might be pleased to find in our columns some extracts from this annual appeal of the "Carriers," to their patrons in the city. As we have not room but for a part of the Address, we will select only those portions which seem to us most spirited and most descriptive of the piratical enterprises in which our craft has been employed.

* * * * *
But hold!—The bark is off the stocks!
God shield her still from storms and rocks!—
For well she stems the tide.
Her hull, so formed for fight or chase,
Is, as the wild duck's, full of grace;
As falcon's full of pride.
Now break the bottle o'er the bow!
Three cheers! the craft is christened now!
Let thunder rend the air!
Three cheers for Captain, Mate and Crew!
Three cheers for all their friends so true!
And three for the CORSAIR!

The breeze is up!—the boatswain gay,
Pipes up all hands without delay:
"Now loose the sheets!—the anchor weigh!
And forth for foreign clime!
There—helm a-port!—She smells the gale!
Luff!—luff!—Now loosen every sail!
Up with the red flag!—Hail! all hail!
Emblem of hearts that never quail—
The pirate's pride and crime.
"What ho!—a sail!—a sail of grace!
Up with the sky-sail for the chase!
Now gain we on the prize a-pace!
Tho' well she bears her in the race,
And mourns the fate as hard,
That gives her freight's most costly charms
Into a ruthless Corsair's arms,
Sans even a thank's reward:

"Sail, hoy!"—"Aye, aye, sir!"—"What's your name?"
"Boz."—"And where bound to?"—"Straight for Fame."
"Lay to!—your cargo first we claim!"
What! without purchase! Oh, for shame!

Consider first, with care,
The midnight lamp—the cost of mind—
The pleasure which I give mankind."
"We can't, to those our laws are blind;
So yield your store, nor waste your wind;
Now strike your colours, 'ere we force!"
"Aye, aye, sir—since there's no resource!
But soon, I trust, you'll change your course,
And don for battle with your purse,
And not with scissors keen."
"We trust so, too!—your wrongs we feel,
But must not buy what others steal.
But, hold!—'tis time you show'd your keel!"
Poor Boz!—no doubt, like now-skin'd eel,
He feels his sufferings keen;
For still we steal his choicest store,
That merchant's very eyes before,
Nor make the slightest fuss;
And yet—which grieves us much to think—
The price of half a tent of ink
He never had from us.

"Another sail, ho!"—"Where away?"
"Right o'er the cat-head, plain as day;
And no light craft of cutter rig—
But a three-decker, proud and big—
The BENTLEY, on my life!
Charge every gun—long Tom, and all!
Up with the sails, both great and small!
Loose every reef!—nor mind the squall!
So dash we at our rival tall,
For battle to the knife!"
The red flag to her mast-head flies,
Just as our own salutes the skies.
"Lay-to, there—hoy!" the boatswain cries.
"Lay-to, yourself!" the foe replies;
"We've met you in good time!"
A broadside from our guns went smack!
A broadside from her guns come back:
We met—we grappled, brand to brand;
The word means *shears*,—(you understand!)
For each bold captain bore, so grand,
A scissors in his red right hand,
For fame, defence, or crime.
Now yield you, yield you, BENTLEY bold;
Yield lay—yield tale—yield song—yield gold;
Nor dare to lay a finger's hold
On any thing that's *ours*!
For, what in us is just and true,
Is red, rank burglary in you!
"I'm hang'd," said Bentley, "if I do!
For, since you pluck me through and through,
By Jove, I'll pluck your flowers!"
Then cutlass, knife, and scissors fell
Upon the Bontleys' wares, pell mell;
Boz—Ainsworth—all—(we fought so well,)
Were ours, as quick as thought;
While the fierce foeman's battle brand
Came down with a most ruthless hand,
On one of IRVING's tales so bland;
'Twas all the pirate sought.

* * * * *
But hold!—for seamen, bluff and stout,
I've spun too long a yarn, I doubt;
Besides, 'tis time again to urge
Our craft of crafts along the surge.
Heaven send her breezes fair!
And so, my hearty lads, adieu!
And you, dear lasses, fair and true!
For hark! the bustling boatswain's call!
But, one word more—God bless you all!
AND PROSPER THE CORSAIR!!!

The Theatre.

THE PARK.

Our city Theatres have put forth all their attractions during the week, and have been as well rewarded as they could have reasonably expected. There are so many other more domestic pastimes just at this gay season, and the weather has been so severe, that we rather wonder at the success attending theatricals generally, than at there not being crowded houses.

The ever delightful Celeste, has exerted herself during the whole week to keep her laurels fresh, and the applause that is nightly bestowed on all she attempts, is the most grateful evidence she can have of the enduring popularity of her peculiar personations. She is truly a most extraordinary artist, and well deserves, by her industry and her perseverance, the success that has crowned her exertions during her sojourn in America.

Mr. Ranger took his benefit on Thursday, and presented his friends the

greatest novelty of the season—a five-act comedy written by himself, he playing the principal character. We are pleased to say that both as author and actor Mr. Ranger made a most favourable impression. It never having been played before, the comedy went halting off in a few scenes; but, as a whole, there was much to admire, and much that was irresistibly ludicrous. The hero is evidently patterned after some living "upstart," and his characteristics were developed in the most artist-like style. Placide and Chippendale had each a part suited to their powers, and we need not say they did all justice to them. Now that the comedy has been played, Mr. Ranger can easily see how greatly it would be improved by cutting it down to three acts, and concentrating the entire interest on three or four characters; then there would be no lapse of the humor, and the laugh once begun would continue throughout. We were very glad to see, notwithstanding the extreme cold, so good a house, and composed too of so much beauty and refinement. The fires made the theatre very comfortable, and the entertainments of the evening went off with a degree of heartiness and good spirits that reminded us of "other days."

The Vandenhooffs appear on Monday.

THE OLYMPIC.

There are "lots of fun" to be nightly enjoyed at this little theatre. One can hardly judge of the quantities of frolic and laughter to be witnessed there, till he spends an evening amid the crowd that seems so much delighted with the entertainments. Some of the best comedians on the stage are every night regaling their friends with their stores of humour, and in spite of cold and the hard times, the house is thronged with delighted "sympathisers."

Mr. Booth is at the Chatham.

They are playing Jack Sheppard at the Bowery.

Plunderings by the Way.

THE DUKE OF SUSSEX AT A MASONIC DINNER AT SUNDERLAND.—We quote an extract from the Royal Duke's Speech, touching a recent Tory libel against the Queen to which Lord Durham had alluded.

Your noble chairman has most properly stated his own feeling, in which, with one consent, you expressed your hearty concurrence respecting the illustrious personage who now presides over the destinies of the kingdom. (Loud cheers.) As his lordship said, she has a double claim upon your loyalty and affection. (Great cheering.) I need not tell you that the wife, the sister, the daughter of every mason ought to be guarded and defended by every individual throughout the body. (Cheers.) Her Majesty is the daughter of a mason (enthusiastic cheering)—and a great and a good mason he was. (Renewed cheering.) It is this brother's daughter whom you are called upon to stand by and protect (enthusiastic cheering); and sure I am no true brother of the craft will flinch from so sacred a duty (loud and long continued cheering); and after all is said and done, who is it upon whom these attacks are made? A young and virtuous—I was going to say, but God forbid I should do so, an unprotected female. (Here the cheering was absolutely deafening.) But as long as there exists a proper feeling in the breast of every honest, upright mason, as long as there remains any portion of the feeling which ought to glow in the bosom of every manly, independent Briton, the sovereign lady of these realms will be defended and guarded against any attack that may be made upon her. (Here the enthusiasm of the assembly could no longer brook control; one spontaneous cheer burst from every corner of the room, the company, sprung upon their feet, and for many minutes continued, by unbroken applause, to express their concurrence in the sentiment of the illustrious speaker. When at length silence was restored, his Royal Highness proceeded.) You have kindly responded to the opinion I ventured to express, and I thank you for it."

A FRENCHMAN'S (PERIGNON'S) OPINION OF WELLINGTON.—"Wellington is an isolated character in England—no one can determine his position—no one is able to assign to him his actual place among the Nobility. He is the political hero of the Tories, as he is the military hero of the age. With the Whigs (to whom he causes great embarrassment) he is the man that cannot be attacked—a person whom they neither can nor will touch—they fear him, but honour and respect him."

D'ISRAELI'S NOTICE OF THE AUTHOR OF THE "ANTIQUITIES OF EGYPT," IN THE VALLEY OF THEBES.—It was in the early part of the year of the invasion of Syria by the Egyptians, some eight years gone, that I first visited Thebes. My barque was stowed against the bank of the river, near the Memnonion; the last beam of the sun, before it sunk behind the Libyan hills, quivered on the columns of Luxor; the Nubian crew, after their long and laborious voyage, were dispersed on shore; and I was myself reposing in the shade, almost unattended, when a Turk, well mounted, and followed by his pipe-bearer, and the retinue that accompanies an Oriental of condition, descended from the hills which contain the tombs of the queens, and approached the boat. I was surprised, on advancing to welcome him, to be hailed in my native tongue: and pleased, at such a moment and in such a place, to find a countryman. While we smoked the pipe of salutation, he told me that he had lived at Thebes for nearly ten years, studying the antiquities, the history, and the manners of its ancient inhabitants. I availed myself of his invitation to his residence, and,

accompanying him, I found that I was a visitor in the tomb, and yet by no means a gloomy dwelling-place. A platform, carved in the mountain, was surrounded by a mud wall and tower, to protect it from hostile Arabs. A couple of gazelles played in this front court, while we, reposing on a divan, arranged round the first chamber of the tomb, were favoured with a most commanding view of the valley outspread beneath. There were several inner chambers, separated from each other by hangings of scarlet cloth. Many apartments in Albany I have seen not half as pleasant and convenient. I found a library, and instruments of art and science; a companion full of knowledge, profound in Oriental manners and thoroughly master of the subject which naturally then most interested me. Our repast was strictly Eastern, but the unusual convenience of forks was not wanting, and my host told me that, were the very ones they had used at Exeter College. I shall never forget that first day at Thebes, and this my first interview with one then unknown to fame, but whom the world has since recognized—the learned, the ingenious, and amiable Mr. Wilkinson.

PASTORAL SIMPLICITY.—"Twas a fine summer evening, Peggy, as ever shown out of the heavens. The bees were flitting about from flower to flower, and saying, with their playsant voices, 'What a sweet life we lead!' birds were singing such music that those who have once listened to it with the ears of their hearts want no better. And the red sun was going to bed behind purple curtains, fringed with gold, richer than any king's, when I sat at the open window—that same window, Peggy, that you now see. The sweet smell of flowers came to me; the brown cuckoo hopped over the field, and repeated his cry as clear as could be; the cows lowed in the distance, and every bird and baste—ay, and the little tiny crathurs, that are smaller than the birds, might be heard too—all was so still and calm. Oh! in such summer nights one may hear the voice of God, if one keeps one's mind quiet and looks up to Heaven! But my mind—God forgive me!—wasn't quiet, for I was vexed and angry. 'Well,' says I to myself, here I am this beautiful night, and Andy promised he would come home before the sun had gone to bed; and there, he has drawn his purple curtains, and put out his blessed light, and yet the man of the house does not come to me! Sure, 'tis to the Dun Cow he's gone, to drink with them limbs of the devil; and this is the way that a poor woman is kept, like a mhoo-daun, watching the long hours while he's spending the thrille he's air'd!' With that, up gets the anger in my breast, and the heart of me began to hate, and my cheeks got as hot as a lime-kiln. 'I'll go after him,' says I, 'to the Dun Cow, and give him a bit of my mind—that I will!' But then I began to remember that Biddy Phelan used to go after Mick, her husband, until he got so used to it, that he would say he couldn't go till Biddy came for him; and I said to myself, 'It shall never be said that I, a decent girl, went after my husband to a shibeen shop.' 'But, thin, 'twould sarve him right, and maybe taich him better,' whispered the Evil Spirit in my ears, 'if you were to spake to him afore the wild boys he's dhrinking with; and I up, and threw the tail of my gound over my shouldrs, and crossed the treshold. 'If he should speak crossly to you, Kathleen, before all them chaps, wouldn't it be a terrible downfal to ye?' said a little voice in my heart, no louder than the humming of a bee. 'Faith, 'tis yerself that's right enough' said I; and I let down the tail of my gound, and began to cry like a child. Well, I cried till I fell fast asleep: for, though people say that sleep seldom comes to the eyes that have been shedding tears, I have always found the contrary; and I remember the last thought I had afore I slept was, What a baste my husband was to lave me alone, while he was spending his airnings at the Dun Cow!"

SUICIDE IN FRANCE.—Of late years suicide was a kind of epidemic amongst the French crossed in love or fortune. Eleven and twelve of a day were wont to take place. This year suicide has gone out of fashion for honest people, whilst it has become the rage for rogues and assassins. Since Souffland, the murderer, put an end to his existence by chewing a quid of tobacco containing a dose of arsenic, at the moment of his condemnation, not a thief of any respectability has been caught in Paris who has not hanged or poisoned himself. Two respectably-dressed fugitives from the galleys were the other day surprised in a burglary, and arrested. In an hour they ceased to exist. Lesage, the accomplice of Souffland, was watched with the most scrupulous care, was fettered, and had two guardians to watch him. Still he contrived to hang himself in the night. —Paris Paper.

THE CHINESE TRADE.

[The hostile attitude recently assumed by the Government of England toward the Celestial Empire, gives to every candid statement, touching the relations hitherto existing between those countries, a value at this time that cannot fail to be appreciated. We find the following in the last London Examiner, and though perhaps a somewhat partial view has been taken of the question, yet it strikes us as being a clear, common sense statement, that merits consideration, and clearly explains the relative attitudes of the two countries.]

Nearly all the facts connected with the recent interruption of our commercial intercourse with China, are now before the public, we are in a position therefore, to offer some observations on the subject, which is unquestionably of much national importance, as may be easily shown by a few details. The great staple articles of the trade are tea and opium.—Some 50 years ago our whole consumption of Tea was 15,000,000lbs., and the legal consumption about one-third of that amount; the revenue being little more than half a million sterling. In the last years of the close trade the consumption became about 30,000,000lbs., and the revenue about 3,500,000l. Since the opening of the free trade in 1834 the consumption has risen to near 40,000,000lbs., and the revenue has risen to about 4,000,000l, while there has been, what never existed before, an exportation nearly equal to our whole legal import and consumption 50 years

back. At the same time the British consumer has received his 40,000,000 lbs. of tea for about a million sterling less than he before paid for his 30,000,000 lbs. ! Complaints had been made, but utterly without foundation that the exports of British manufactures, and the employment of British shipping, have not, since the opening of the trade, kept pace with public expectation, and the opium trade has been blamed for this supposed result. The real facts are these ; in 1833 the number of ships in the trade was 30, and the real value of the British manufactures exported was about 800,000*l*. In 1836 the shipping amounted to 80, and the value of the manufactures to upwards of 1,300,000*l*., an increase of about 60 per cent. The British merchants and manufacturers, therefore, have not sufficient ground to grumble at the results of the opening of the free trade. But, in truth, the China trade had been in a great measure opened for some years before 1834, by the abandoning by the East India Company of the trade from China in all commodities but tea, and by its winking at the export of woollens, of cottons, and metals. In fact, the exports of all the cottons, iron, lead, zinc, and, in a great measure, of copper, was in the hands of the free traders already, and before the legal overthrow of the monopoly in 1834. One other example may be given of the beneficial results of the opening of the Indian and China trades. Before these events, under the wing of the Company's monopoly, the Americans enjoyed nearly the whole carrying trade between the Indies and Europe. In a single year they have exported from China alone to the value of 3,000,000*l*., while, by last year's Treasury returns, we perceive that their imports into the States, from both these countries together, little exceed one-third of this amount. The difference, and much more than the difference, gives employment to British Capital and shipping. But the interests of merchants and manufacturers residing within the British kingdom are, it should be recollected, not the only British interests concerned. The trade of our Indian empire with China is greater than that of the United Kingdom itself. The exports in this branch of commerce consist of a prodigious variety of the raw produce of India, but especially of cotton wool and opium. Suffice it to say, that the influx of British capital to India, which followed the opening of the trade in 1814, raised the quantity and value of the Indian opium exported to China, from 2,500 chests, and half a million sterling, to above 30,000 chests and 4,000,000*l*. This trade in opium is the source of our present embarrassment. The Chinese Government complains that we are poisoning their 370 millions of people with it, and, what they appear to attach fully as much importance to, that through its means we are draining their country of the precious metals.

Before the year 1796 the importation of opium into China had been as free and legal as that of any other commodity. In that year an imperial edict prohibited its importation, and over and over again this prohibition has been repeated. In the forty-three years which have since elapsed, however, the opium trade has increased from a few hundred chests to more than thirty thousand, embracing a British capital of 4,000,000 a-year, and yielding a million and a half sterling of the provincial revenue of India, or about one-tenth part of its whole amount. No British merchant concerned in the trade fancied it, in all this long time, illegal, except in mere name. Our traders knew that it was contraband just in the same way that it was contraband of the laws of China to export gold and silver, and for that matter, unwrought iron, copper, and zinc. They imported opium clandestinely just as they exported gold, silver, and zinc clandestinely ; and the Government officers systematically winked at both. They took their regular fees on the one just as they did on the other, and all went on smoothly enough.

The Superintendent, Captain Elliot, affirms, in his late manifesto, what every man in the least acquainted with the China trade will corroborate, "that the traffic in opium has been chiefly encouraged and protected by the highest officers in the empire, and that no portion of the foreign trade in China has paid its fees to the officers with so much punctuality as this of opium."

Well, the Chinese Government, its political apprehensions increasing with the increase of the trade, and neglecting the counsel of its own more rational officers, viz., to declare a trade which would not be stopped, legitimate, by imposing a duty on it, determines by fraud and violence to attempt to stop it, and the following is its course of proceeding :—It sends down a Commissioner from Peking, who imprisons the Queen's representative and every British merchant in Canton, including three or four whom the Chinese Government itself freely admits were never concerned in the trade, but on the contrary, hostile to it. By duress and starvation it bullies the captives into sending written orders to deliver up British property, not on the soil of China, but on board of British merchant ships 100 miles off, and carrying on the commerce under the legal sanction of its own Government, nay, that very Government itself being the chief vender to the merchant of the commodity seized. Now there are parties in this country who, under the cloak of religion and morality, justify this conduct on the part of the Chinese Government. The use of the drug which Mr. Wilberforce with impunity every day of his life swallowed, until he was past 80, in larger quantities than 999 out of 1000 Chinese, they declare to be poisonous and immoral, and the suppression of the trade in it to justify any means. The seizure and imprisonment of the representative of a foreign sovereign, and of the merchants of a foreign nation, is admitted by the parties in question, is indeed contrary to the law of nations. But then, they insist that the Chinese have never recognized our law of nations. The answer to this is obvious enough. The law of nations, as applicable to this case, is not a mere conventional matter established in the intercourse of European nations. It is founded on the common principles of reason, justice, and good faith, that the representative and merchants of a foreign nation should not be seized, imprisoned, tortured and robbed on bare suspicion, and without a tittle of evidence that would satisfy even a Chinese court of justice. The Chinese, we contend, therefore, must be made to practise the law of nations in this case, and be punished for their breach of it, because it is a violation of natural justice and infraction of good faith, which has nothing to do with the latitude and longitude of the locality in which the act is perpetrated. They are not a host of savages who violate the law of nations

at the risk of extermination, but a nation making high pretensions to civilization, and in reality far more advanced than the Turks and Persians who are amenable to European international law. The history of their own intercourse with foreign nations shows that, when it suits their convenience, they can understand and practice the law of nations just as well as the people of Europe.

In the course of three centuries, hardly a case can be adduced of their having violated them, even as European nations interpret them, in so far as foreign merchants are concerned ; and the persons of English, Russian, Dutch, Siamese, and Tonquinese Ambassadors have been held as sacred in China as in Europe, down to the present example of their gross violation. Other reasoners will have it, that because we ourselves severely punish breaches of our own fiscal laws, in conformity to municipal and national law, the Chinese may set all law at defiance in their punishments, because their Government wants the energy and virtue to punish in conformity even with its own laws. This is only extravagant and absurd. When we wink at the smuggling of brandy for forty-three years, and when the highest officers of the Government, from the First Lord of our Treasury to the Lord Lieutenants of Counties, take regular fees on every cask of smuggled brandy, and are moreover the greatest consumers of the smuggled article, and when on a sudden freak we turn about and place under arrest, denying them fire, water, and bread, until they come to any terms we think proper to dictate to them, the French Ambassador and his suite, with every French merchant, suspected or innocent, that we can lay our hands on, then, and not till then, will the two cases admit of fair comparison. Certain it is that one-tenth part of the outrage which we have suffered from the Chinese would produce a declaration of war against any European, American, or even other Asiatic nation. The smuggling of opium into China, it ought not to be forgotten, is not the only contraband trade that has received the indirect sanction and protection of the British Government, or at least at which it has quietly and complacently shut its eyes. At this moment half our merchandise is smuggled into Spain, in open defiance of the Spanish laws. But setting this example altogether aside, who forgets that for whole centuries our entire trade with the Spanish colonies of America (no small affair either) was nothing but contraband—downright smuggling, in defiance of laws and edicts, and *guarda costas*. The Spanish Government, in this case, was just as anxious to put down smuggling as the Chinese is now ; but, arbitrary as it was, it certainly never ventured to arrest the English Ambassador at Madrid, or the British merchants of Cadiz. Nations like the Spaniards and Chinese, who enact arbitrary and foolish custom laws that, from their very nature, cannot be carried into execution, must take the consequences of their being violated. As might easily be foretold, the smuggling of opium into China is, by the latest accounts, going on with considerable activity, in defiance of confiscation, dungeons, banishment, and strangulation. In a few years it will again, without any interference on our part, amount to thirty or forty thousand chests a year, and all that will have been gained by the arbitrary act of the Chinese Government will be the destruction of three millions of British capital, and the temporary loss of the Indian revenue.

TABLE TALK.

"Needs Must when the Devil Drives."—Old Saying.

There are none know the pain of continued periodical writing excepting those who are condemned to the task of producing a certain quantity of matter at certain times. To know that a publication is waiting for your contribution—that a printer's devil is in your hall, kicking his heels, for that which ought to be in the press at the moment that you are gazing on the fire and wondering what the devil you shall write about—is perhaps one of the greatest mental, or rather literary distresses that a poor man can be visited with, unless indeed it be that a dun—that general and constant attendant upon men who live by literature—happen to be waiting by the side of the printer's devil, himself the greater devil of the two. Then to be obliged, whether you have the will or not, and when the only spirit that moves you is a lethargic one, and would induce you to put your feet on the hob, throw your head back in your easy chair, and indulge in a snooze—to be obliged under such circumstances to rouse yourself from that "Dolce ra niente" after-dinner feeling, and address yourself to composition, when you are only fit to compose yourself to sleep, is a torture which none but those who have experienced it can imagine. All this perhaps might lose its sting if a man was careless as to what he wrote—or had a good opinion of everything he did write ; which we have known to be the case with some of our contemporaries, though far from being our own, since we hate to put pen to paper because we regard with contempt the effect after it is achieved, and dread its being a bore to every one who gives himself the trouble of reading it.

When we look, however, at the wonders of the periodical press of London—at the daily production of papers of such elaborate information as the *Times*, the *Herald*, and fifty others which emanate from the presses which have been labouring during the night ; when we see the vast fund of original matter—the great quantity of intelligence and information which they convey—the various and multitudinous advertisements of every thing necessary under the sun for our wants, comfort, pleasure, and health which they contain—we, idle people, are apt to hold up our hands in astonishment at the industry, talent, and combination which these daily periodicals display.

Never mind, if half the paper be composed of lies—still it is a wonderful production of human intellect and industry, and one at which, not only our remote, but our immediate ancestors would have been astonished, and of which they would have doubted the possibility. For the leading article, it is true, the circumstances and occurrences of the week give a text upon which an editor may dilate. An accident at court—an inadvertent speech of a Minister—a victory abroad—a speculator at home, may furnish food for that part of the journal which is devoted to politics ; but where shall the unhappy wight go to who has to fill a certain column from the attenuated thread of his own imagination—who has no facts to

found a text upon, no information of passing occurrences to convey; in short, as Sheridan once said in one of his political placards at the Westminster election, "NO NOTHING" to depend upon excepting his own resources, which may be worse than nothing.

It would be a curious speculation to ascertain the tempers and circumstances under which authors have sat down to write, spurring themselves to the task of composition; and what a number of melancholy pictures would such a contemplation present of husbands and fathers writing for the daily bread of themselves and families. Starvation staring them in the face only to be averted by the pen and the paper before them, with minds depressed and jaded by adversity; with bodies exhausted by privation and suffering; and, under such circumstances, to take the pen in their hand, and court the inspiration of genius. Write poems, perhaps, upon love, when the only fruits of it are the starving children by whom they are surrounded, and the care-worn, pale-checked, and tearful wife, who tries in vain to repress the fears and agonising apprehensions for the future. Yet, under such circumstances, have half the lighter productions of literature been written; nay, to our knowledge, many of those farces which have kept audiences in a roar, and sent hundreds away from the theatre laughing, have been composed under circumstances parallel with those which we have attempted to describe. Even in our little way of experience, we remember once having lost a large sum of money, and distracted with an agonizing tooth-ache, being obliged to sit down to write a farce, which was afterwards played with some success; but the loss of money, or the tooth-ache, we acknowledge to be minor evils to those which we have before enumerated.

It would also be a curious enquiry as to the habits of authors in their writing, and had we not gossiped on so long saying nothing, we would enumerate a few of these habits. As it is, we will only mention that Dr. Johnson could write at all times, because he *would* write—he sat himself doggedly down, and wrote against the tide of temper and inclination. Cumberland could never write if there was any outward scene that could attract his attention, and he therefore chose a study that had no other view than a blank brick wall. Buffon, the naturalist, never could write but in full dress, and he paid the same court to his pen as to his prince, by always dressing himself in a court suit when he sat down to use it.

We will some day make a collection of the various ways and places in which celebrated authors pursued their studies; but not having said one word in this paper which we intended in the beginning, we think it better to come to a —.

THE NEAPOLITAN COURT.

(Extract from a Letter.)

* * * I was yesterday present at a "Reception," which was attended by the English, I may say, of all grades—from the Duchess of Buccleuch, Lady Cadogan, Countess of Jersey, Lady Chelsea, Lady Cremorne, to Mesdames Brown, Green, Smith. I must not omit the too celebrated Marchesa di Salza, or to say that there were noblemen and others of all sorts and sizes. The King is a tall, stout man; though not quite 30 years old he has the circumference that few men of 60 can equal. Her Majesty the Queen is, on the contrary, so minute as to be really *petite*, her height not being more than that of most young ladies of 12 or 13. Her expression is pretty, her eyes splendid; but the contrast between the royal couple is amusing as remarkable. Before the presentation of any foreigners the King's subjects pass, and the "*baccio mano*" proceeds.

I must say I was astonished to see the ill concealed, rather plainly displayed disgust with which this ceremony was gone through on the part of the Monarch, his Majesty's face having the aspect of any one who was approached by some revolting spectacle. The Queen's hand is held out and touched without her apparently being the least aware of the fact.—As soon as these gentlemen had paid their devoirs, the Neapolitan ladies never appearing till the evening, their Majesties proceeded to receive the strangers, assembled in two groups in the adjoining apartment the one consisting of ladies, the other of the lords of the creation. The king bowed to both, to each who caught his eye individually, but did not speak a word to any one. The Queen, on the contrary, had a few words to say to each lady without distinction of rank. Having bowed to the gentlemen she took the offered hand of his Majesty and retired, making something like a grimace to her lord and master as clearly as I could interpret it, to say, "Thank goodness, it is all over."—Her Majesty is only nineteen.

Following their Majesties were the Dowager Queen and her unmarried children. She reminds me in her personal appearance, of her Grace the Dowager of Richmond. Our countrywoman has, however, the advantage in looks; she appeared the bride of a few weeks only; her husband, a young and handsome Italian of good birth, is not received by the Regal family as one of Royal blood, but sits in public at a different table; report says having been up and down the Chlaja (the splendid public drive) by the side of his fascinating wife, the King desired he would right about face; even a despotic Monarch, however much he might wish it, could not add "March." The Princesses are small; indeed, as a family, it is extraordinary how very petite they all are. The Prince of Syracuse is a good height, with the fairest hair possible (it would be treason to say golden-coloured), and his countrymen are very proud of his personal appearance; "*ehe hel uomo*" follows his steps; he is married to a charming woman, and has a daughter.

SUMMER NIGHTS IN LONDON

DESCRIBED BY A FRENCH POET.

Summer heat is intolerable in the north; it is not the genuine and expanding heat of southern regions; it is an oppression that expels the breath into the chest, as if one's lips were placed upon the mouth of an oven. In London the summer days are filled with dust, noise, dews of

soot and suffocation; but the nights marvellously redeem the miseries of the day. I have seen nights in many countries—they are all alike: the people sleep, the houses only remain in the streets. The capital of England alone has its own peculiar nocturnal existence; it is a wonderful sight which produces the effect of a dream of twenty leagues circumference, lighted by gas. An Englishman may have never remarked London under this other aspect, for generally none are worse acquainted with a country than those who inhabit it; but the stranger may easily seize all the striking novelties which escape the natives.

No city in the world can be compared with London as respects the security of its nights; all the streets are illuminated like so many palace galleries; one proceeds in a continued lightning of hydrogen gas, and one's mind is frightened in reckoning the cost of establishing and maintaining the prodigious lines of subterranean arteries and veins which revive day and life in that immense capital. All England has its nights thus provided for. In towns and boroughs, on bridges and high roads, everywhere shines the same rich illumination. It is not astonishing that in countries where the sun is known as it were but by name, and the moon and stars are useless auxiliaries, those myriads of fictitious stars should have been multiplied, to show avaricious nature that her gifts may be dispensed with, when one calls itself England, and possesses coal-mines. May those mines never be exhausted, for in such a case Albion would be extinguished.

Nothing favours nocturnal walks so much as that light which surrounds you and secures your steps. The stranger who has always heard so much about London thieves rejects it all as fabulous. You cannot go from one footpath to another, without encountering a towns-warden; an army of policemen, scattered about *en eclaireurs*, guard the town in detail.—They are grave, silent, inoffensive, and melancholy observers. Their forbearance is admirable. They never ask whither you are going, as at Paris, because the reply would be "I am taking a walk," and Magna Charta forbids nobody's preferring the moon or stars to the sun. Nevertheless, if the nocturnal walker were to disturb the rest of the day-majority who think proper to sleep, the policeman would convey you to prison, and this is but strict justice upon constitutional ground where the majority are always right, even when they are wrong.

Night is the day of summer. The peripateticians have proved it long before me, they who invented the art of living by starlight. In summer they knew no other moon but midnight. In London the people who sleep go to their beds at about two in the morning; the people who sleep not retire but at sunrise, or at the rise of something resembling the sun.—Until two o'clock the theatres play, the carriages roll, the people drink ginger-beer and eat lobsters and shrimps, young men smoke in the divans, and flower-venders present nosegays to the walkers who cannot sleep. At two o'clock the scene changes; the world which remains out of doors seems not to belong to this world; a living leprosy runs along the houses; beings, nameless, sexless, voiceless, and shapeless, wander about at random. One witnesses strange feasts prepared upon tables which tremble with the candles and hideous dishes that cover them. Other beings who are no doubt men, pass before them in mute clusters, and buy, with imperceptible copper, enormous raw snails and fragments of antediluvian animals. All around rises a line of opulent mansions, the gas of which displays their ironical magnificence. What a frame and what a picture! The policeman walks up and down, and, seeing that all is right, leaves the guests in peace. A procession of troubled spirits silently moves along the pavements which descend to Carlton-terrace.

The gates of St. James's Park open the London *Elysée* to those phantoms; along the hedges, under the trees, upon the benches of the Royal Park, appear confused masses of rags floating upon the skeletons, putrid straw-bonnets, tortured gowns, monstrous faces, bundles of rags linked together by the hand; the sprightly hydrogen gas quietly lights all this with its serene flame, and no voice, no cry disturbs the slumbers of the Carlton-terrace mansions. Over the whole extent of the Park the same population circulates. Amidst these incredible scenes Englishmen are often to be seen reading the newspapers under the gas, and who are never disturbed in their occupation by the movements of the surrounding shades. Numbers of wise peripateticians cross all those floating impurities, as sweet Arethusa the bitter waves; they chat not together, they walk in mute meditation, sit on the benches, look at the trees, or indulge in the fresh slumbers vouchsafed them by Royal hospitality. Nothing is more mournful than this silence.

If you throw yourself into the immense suburbs on the other side of Westminster, you behold the same nocturnal scene, by the light of that gas which pursues crime everywhere. In all parts the same picture, decorations, and action exhibit themselves. You always walk in the street you have just left, and see what you have just seen. On the right and left are fine houses, the doors of which glitter with brass and varnish; pavements as smooth as polished steel; squares sleeping in the shade within their iron prison; streets of a desperate regularity; a wondrous profusion of candelabras whence the issuing gas plays with the wind; and everywhere, also, are a living and fluid misery, and gold and granite embroidering English vignettes upon a ground of filth. As you cross Westminster Bridge you walk between two rows of niches peopled with cenobites sleeping or awaiting something; and as you open your lips to breathe the Thames air after breathing so much impurity, you remain astonished before the magnificent aspect of the London slumbering over the rags of the London that sleeps not.

Dawn sheds its pale melancholy upon all those troubled spirits which wander about, and assume a shape on the first approach of daylight.—But what a shape! Whither do they repair; nobody knows, they know not themselves. At that hour a view of London is truly an admirable picture when taken from the Hyde Park Triumphal Arch, or from Carlton-terrace. The vapors of dawn mingle with the expiring lights of the hydrogen gas, and bring out upon an opal sky the tops of the trees drawn in the most graceful manner, and the lofty colonnades of the parks. All the falseness, servility, stiffness, and clumsiness which daylight exhibits in the ostentatious poverty of English architecture is still lost in the in-

duigent half tints of morn; you might fancy that you beheld Palmyra and Babylon emerging from darkness. The heavy and graceless Duke of York column avails itself of the moment to ape the Antoine column, and look graceful at little cost. In Waterloo-place and Regent-street the stones rise in imposing majesty; the porticos of the club forgets that they are of pasteboard, and assume the appearance of temples; the Tuscan, Ionic, and Corinthian orders, which crave the sun's pardon for having taken an English disguise, affect monumental attitudes that would deceive the eyes of a Phidias. In Trafalgar-square the National Gallery clothes itself with grandeur. Northumberland House covers itself with a Venetian domino, and the lion which stands above looks for some minutes like a lion. The equestrian statue of Charles the First no longer makes Vandyke's shade blush, but felicitously enacts the part of the Capitol's Marcus Aurelius. Everywhere you behold grandeur and richness—a profusion of porticos, colonnades, and temples, such as their great artist (Martin) has dreamt of in a stormy night, with a vivid flash of lightning in the way of a sun. As Aurora with her misty fingers glides through this monumental series of sable wonders the majesty of their architecture declines, and the moment day breaks forth there remains of all this magic but the neatest, most correct, and most habitable city in the world, where industry and wealth have asserted the triumph of all that is useful, without summoning art and gracefulness to their assistance.

THE GRISETTE.

BY JULES JANIN.

From Pictures of the French Drawn by Themselves.

Did one seek, among the various articles of Parisian produce, to point out that which is the most incontestably Parisian, one would fix on the Grisetto. In distant countries, travel where you will, and whithersoever your vagabond humour may lead you, you will find museums and palaces, triumphal arches and royal gardens, churches and cathedrals, more or less gothic: and will jostle against cits and grondees, prelates and captains, poor beggars and noble lords; but in no city in Europe, whether London, Berlin, Petersburg, or Rome, will you meet with that little something, so fair, so fresh, so young, so slim, so active, smiling, merry, and easily-content, which we call *Grisette*; no, not in Europe,—but why say Europe? Go through all France, and only in Paris will you meet her; the real Grisetto,—the true, authentic, easy, careless, reckless, gladsome, frolicsome Grisetto.

A plague on our *savants*;—they are for finding an etymology to every thing, and have given themselves a world of trouble to learn the derivation of the word *Grisette*. Grisetto, they say, first signified a grey-stuff gown which poor people wore: and therefore (after the manner, "Tell me what you wear, and I will tell you what you are.") poor people who wear grey-stuff gowns are to be called Grisettes, and therefore Grisettes wear grey stuff gowns. Mad *savants*! as if our pretty Duchesses of the band-box—our gracious little Countesses that trip it aloft—our delicate Marchionesses that live on the labour of their little fingers; our gallant aristocracy of the workshop and counter, were condemned all their life long to wear a dismal robe of wool!—as if they had renounced for ever, sweet anchorites! all the joys of life—all the pleasures of gay ribbons and embroidery—of new gloves and new slippers, and other such cheap charms, and pretty resources of coquetry, as are in the reach of all who are poor, and fair, and young!

So much for the etymologists, then. Away with their etymologies and them; the poor old worn out creatures have survived all human passions; and in such subjects as these—pretty specimens of our French coquetry—what can they discover or describe! Life, beauty, gaiety, are above definitions; and the only way to understand the fair Grisetto world,—a world in our world apart,—is to watch them well. Go abroad of early morning, and mark who is the first woman that wakes, while all the rest of the city are sleeping. It is the Grisetto, who rises a moment after the sun, and straightway makes herself beautiful for the rest of the day. Her little toilette is quickly over; her shining locks are combed; her dress from head to foot is neat as neat can be,—ay, truly,—has she not fastened every morsel of it and sewed every stitch of it, and washed it and smoothed it with her own fair fingers! Drest herself, she dresses up the little garret which she inhabits, and sets in order the poor nothings which she possesses; decorating her poverty as other women know not how to adorn their wealth. This done, she gives one last glance at her looking-glass; and, having assured herself that she is as pretty to-day as she was yesterday, away she goes to her labour. Here, in fact, lies that point in our Grisetto's character, which is the most touching and respectable. An idle Grisetto is not of the nature of Grisettes; who says "Grisette," names a little being who is always charming and easily happy, and ever labouring and busy. Let her grow idle, and she is no longer in the department of of honest Grisettes. She becomes quite a different thing;—she has passed the slight boundary which separates her and vice.—Don't let me talk of her,—she will spoil our subject.

Well, since she *does* labour, what is the labour of the Grisetto? It would be more easy to tell you what it is not:—a Grisetto is good for every thing, knows every thing, can do every thing. A legion of laborious ants, they say, will produce a mountain; a Grisetto is like an ant. These little creatures, so active, so slight, so poor, (Heaven knows *how* poor,) perform as many prodigies as armies. Under their active and industrious hands cloth, velvet, silk, gauze, are fashioning themselves endlessly and ceaselessly. To all these they give shape, and life, and grace; they create them, so to speak; and, thus created, scatter them over the whole of Europe, where, believe me, their innocent and repeated conquests at the point of the needle have been a thousand times more durable than our victories at the point of the sword.

Thus they spread over the city, our poor artisans, fair or dark, rosy or pale, and gaily perform their tasks. They clothe the fairest portion of the human race, and their light fingers execute, as if at play, the most difficult labours which female caprice in its most ingenious fits of coquetry

can invent or impose. Over the mode, they reign despotic. They embroider queens' mantles, and shape shepherdesses' aprons. And think how universal French taste must be, that these little girls, children of the poor, who will die as poor as their mothers, should thus become the all-powerful interpreters of fashion over the whole world! Destroy this intelligent and laborious population, and adieu at once to all the grace of Europe. Even now I can fancy all the great coquettes this world dressed at hazard, that is, ill-dressed; asking in amaze of one another, "What will become of us!"

In this position, which is at once so high and so subordinate; placed as they are between the most exaggerated luxury that the great can invent, and the poverty which falls to their own proper lot, the poor things must have no small share of prudence, as well as courage, to resist this luxury and this poverty. Scarcely out of the little garret which she inhabits, the poor Grisetto is introduced into the most splendid shops and sumptuous houses: here she reigns, and here she dictates her laws without appeal. All day long she presides over the coquetry of the rich, and dresses them and decks them; she envelopes the corpses, hideous as they sometimes are, in tissues the most precious; she knows every secret resource and disguise of these beauties, so often deceitful. How often has she made the lean one plump, the crooked one straight, the plain one handsome! And when at last the idol is thus decked by those hands so white and so pretty, perhaps the idol's lover arrives, to carry to fete or ball, not the woman, who is ugly, but the dress, which is beautiful; he never thinks of the poor girl who has made it, and who is a thousand times more beautiful than she who wears it—of our young artist, following most likely with saddened looks the woman whom she has created, and sighing to herself, "And yet I am prettier than that!" Indeed, indeed, it is a mighty temptation, and a mighty courage alone can resist it. One can fancy that a man should pass before a heap of gold and not touch it; his probity saves him: but in a young and pretty girl, who, from being obscure and unknown as she is, can win all hearts in a moment and have all the world at her feet, if she will but dress herself in yonder gauze which has been created by her needle, the courage of resistance is wonderful indeed. She is alone: the dress is finished: the flowers are ready for the hair, the light scarf for the fair shoulders, the ribbon for the waist, the slipper for the foot, the glove for the delicate hand: what prevents the humble chrysalis from becoming butterfly on the instant,—what prevents the poor girl from realizing at once all the fairest dreams of her life, winning the love of the men, and exciting the jealousy of the whole female race! Thus dressed she becomes immediately the equal of the fairest, one of the queens of the world: then it is that her youth shines forth: she is the pride of our fetes, the joy of our theatres,—art, luxury, fashion, power, open on her on a sudden, and her triumph is secure. No more labour, no more poverty! Victory! victory! But no: this humble poverty shall not be overcome; our heroine will resist this temptation of every day; she will give back the dress to its purchaser, and will console herself with her songs, her gaiety, and her twenty years. Do you know how much they pay the Grisetto for all her labours and heroisms! Little more than our Alexanders and Cæsars, at twopence a-day. To clothe her, to feed her, to lodge her, to dress the little flower-box before her window,—for the meat for her bird who sings in his cage; for the bunch of violets which she buys every morning while going to work; for those pretty little shoes, always so smart and so glossy; for all that elegance which shines over her from head to foot, and which would make many a lady of fashion proud; for all this our poor Grisetto has hardly as much as would buy a poor clerk his breakfast. And yet with so little, so little as nothing,—she is gay, she is happy; all that she asks for in her way is a little kindness and a little love.

It is not all difficult the way, or rather the modest path of life over which the poor thing trips so lightly; many wild flowers grow among the thorns, and many little blessings are meted out so as to suit her. She has in her purse that gold which mediocrity can manufacture so cheaply, and which is more precious and inexhaustible than all the gold of Peru. She is "content with little—content with nothing." Love and Poetry, the two angels who encourage and console, accompany her always. She is bound to poetry by her poverty, first, and then by her profession: and to love by her fresh and native graces. There is a little world of youth in our Paris, to whom the Grisetto is a Providence. What would that beardless race, which forms the honour and glory of our colleges, be without her! She is the goddess, patroness too, of lawyers without briefs; of deputies without seats; of generals without epaulettes. Not a young man who lives in Paris upon a meagre allowance and his expectancies, but has won the heart of one of these pretty little Countesses of the Rue Vivienne. Love, labour, economy, the lovers have these among them, and each brings to the common stock all that he possesses: in the first place, nothing; next, a very fine appetite; and, lastly, a great store of carelessness: they are three of the principal ingredients in happiness, and what would one wish more! During the week our pair of turtles are separated, and each works on his own side: one dissects bodies, for instance, the other dresses them; one studies the rights of persons, the other the robes of persons. Scarcely, during all this period, can they see each other, smile at each other; scarcely once can the lover get a peep through the half-drawn window-curtain at the shop, where his mistress is working. But Sunday comes, and then no more work; farewell to needles and pins, good-bye to law books and counters! Sunday comes; it is the day when he is rich, and she is beautiful; and both are loving, as if to make up for the time lost in the week. Away, then, lie the pair; away to Versailles or Montmorency, Saint Germain or Saint Cloud;—he has his new coat, and his best waistcoat, and all his week's savings in his pocket; she has her smartest bonnet, and her prettiest band; and off they go to take possession of every court or corner in the neighbourhood of Paris. At the aspect of these innocent loves, the rich and the idle retire, and give them place: they know that Sunday belongs to Grisettes and Students exclusively; and thus, in the country during the summer, in the town during the winter, over one day in the week they reign paramount. They fill the woods and they fill the theatres; all the flowers

of the fields are theirs, and all the tears of the melodrama. Fifty-two days of reign have they in the year: what other earthly power lasts for so long a time?

In this fashion the young man's last youth passes away; and, supported as it were on the poor little Griset's fair shoulder, he marches up to eminence; he becomes something, lawyer, physician, sub-lieutenant; and then ambition seizes on him, and love quits him, and he grows too great (ingrate as he is) for his merry little friend of the merry old times: he abandons her alone to that misery which two together easily can bear: and exchanges this loving heart for a few acres of land, or a few bags of money, that his country bride brings him. And she, poor girl, where is she? She weeps, and she resigns herself, and she consoles herself, and then, perhaps, she begins over again. Often, even, she marries; a woful change, indeed! from society to tears, from merry poverty to sordid and vulgar indigence. All is over with her: it is now the butterfly which becomes chrysalis. She does not die, luckily, without leaving a tolerable provision of Grisettes to succeed her.

It is wisest, however, not to examine things too closely, lest the dark side of the picture overpower the bright. There is no rose but hath its leaves scattered by the breeze; no fruit but is subject to the ravages of the canker-worm: and Heaven be thanked, it is not all of these charming girls whose lives are doomed to so melancholy a close. Some escape by chance, others by good fortune, and a few by virtue—virtue as understood by the moralists. And *a propos* of virtue, I will relate to you the history of Jenny.

Jenny's means of life were—but I hardly know how to explain them to you, my fair readers. As she had, however, a kind heart and a pure mind, it is right that she should have her little biography, if only a page, set apart in our artistical collection. Jenny, then, was useful to Art. I will call her Jenny the *Flower-girl*, because when she first came to Paris she sold roses and violets—pale as herself, poor child. There are but two or three places in Paris where the sale of flowers is likely to be profitable. Around the Opera, where the gas is brilliant, and women arrayed in lace and diamonds throng to drink of the stream of rich harmony, the sale is sure; but when Jenny came to Paris she sought only to sell her flowers on the *Pont des Arts*,—flowers without colour or perfume, emblems but too genuine of academic poetry,*—flowers gathered the day before, and therefore such as only Grisettes would purchase. No wonder that Jenny had but ill success!

Jenny the *Flower-girl* wept and waited in vain. There were old men,—city rakes, who made certain proposals to Jenny, and overwhelmed her with words of double meaning. She neither heeded nor understood them. An old libertine is the ugliest specimen of humanity! The poor girl, however, continued to sell her flowers when she could find purchasers; but these were so few and so far between, that she resolved to quit the miserable trade at any price. At any price, did I say? I should have excepted the price of her innocence, which Jenny would not have bartered for the miserable fortune which fades so quickly, and leaves nothing but shame. "Take courage, then—courage, Jenny! fear not for your pretty face: the happiness of innocence is still in store for your youth and beauty! Your rosy cheeks, slender fingers, elegant figure, noble carriage, and Arab feet, which mould into graceful form even your worn shoes, were never meant for debasement.

"Come to my studio, Jenny! remain at a distance; you have nothing to fear. Place yourself in the ray of the sun, my child; be mute and calm, while I envelope you with art and poetry. You shall be my idol for a day—a painter's idol. Already can I embody some of the transporting visions of my sojourn in Italy. Stir not, Jenny; remain under the spell of my pencil till thine image is fixed upon my canvass and in my soul. What metamorphoses will be thine! As a holy virgin, men will prostrate themselves at thy feet and adore thee. As a sweetly smiling girl, thou wilt be the dream of the young poet, the inspirer of his verse. Now, be grave for a moment; raise thine arched eyebrows, repress that smile, and thou shalt be a queen, lady! Again, recline thy cheek upon thy hand, softly smile, abandon thyself to the poetic languor of a girl dreaming, and I will paint thee as the mistress of Raphael or Rubens, which is more than if I were to make thee the mistress of a king.

"Jenny—all inspiring, inexhaustible theme—come: inspiration has seized and oppresses me,—the fervour of art is in my veins,—my palette is charged with the colours of the iris,—my pencils surround me,—I am breathless as a hound panting for the chase. Come, come—it is time, Jenny!"

And Jenny approached, docile as the imagination itself to all the heavenly impulses of innocence and poetry in art.

At the wish of the artist she became a beautiful Greek girl, like those who were the models of Apelles, when the sculptor would portray the Goddess of Beauty and Love. Now she transformed herself into a pensive beauty—an exquisitely-formed Athenian; then a matron of the empire, or of the time of Juvenal; anon, coming from the festival, listening to the songs of the Bacchanals, or reading Horace's Ode to Glycere or Neera; and once more she is rich and beautiful, reclining in a litter borne by Gallic slaves, substituting the costume of summer for that of winter. But what should be before all, and is perhaps last thought of,—has poor Jenny breakfasted this morning? Imagine what it is for a poor girl to remain in a fixed attitude, immovable and mute, for hours—who must unite tenderness or anger, disorder or love, with the most perfect calmness! The artist's model is the greatest of all actresses—the sole representative—with but one spectator, and the action continuing through a summer's day—with the slightest possible portion of drapery; a queen with a handkerchief for her crown,—a dancer with a black apron for her ball dress; or, on the other hand, portraying a holy martyr, with eyes upraised towards heaven, and singing one of Beranger's songs! Poor girl, she is whirled from one extreme to the other at the caprice of the artist; burnt, strangled, crucified, or surrounded with all the luxury and voluptuousness of the East. She is alternately in heaven and in hell: now an archangel,

with golden wings,—and at a word she is debased into a courtesan, with wanton and ignoble eye and carriage. She is everything, passing through all conditions of life; now a proud lady, a citizen, a queen, a goddess! And where are the grateful, the sustaining plaudits? Not a single clapping of hands,—not the slightest share of the just admiration excited by the *chef-d'œuvre* itself. The spectator gazes upon the picture, and exclaims with rapture, "What a divine woman!—what eyes—what hands—what an inspired head!" The artist is lauded to the skies, riches and honours are showered upon him; but there is not even a compensating look for Jenny, poor Jenny, who inspired the picture!

Strange combination of beauty and misery, of ignorance and art, of intelligence and apathy! Singular abandonment of a beautiful person! But not so wholly, either; Jenny continued chaste after obeying implicitly the caprices of the most whimsical of men. Art is a universal refuge for all who seek an excuse for actions unappreciable by the vulgar. Art purifies and exalts all within reach of its influence, even to the poor girl who confides her person to the artist's skill. The artist and the subject are alike favoured; the undisguised forms of beauty belong to them, confided without shrinking or regret.

And Jenny was as modest as she was beautiful. She submitted to the artist willingly in all that belonged to Art; but there she paused. When the artist was tempted to become a man, Jenny quitted her brilliant character to become a simple woman, in order to defend herself. She resumed her humble garments, and went her way. A queen, or even a saint, could not have won more regard and esteem than Jenny!

"What has become of her?" Would you know? She has filled and is filling our churches with such beautiful saints as even a Protestant would worship. She has peopled our apartments with graceful pictures, and sculptures to delight the eyes and gladden the hearts of all. She has given her expressive face and her delicate hands to the historical painters; her sweet influence has been felt in the studios of all our great artists, to whom it has long been a guarantee of success to have Jenny for a model. And Jenny disdained to extend her patronage to inferior talent; she confided her fair face only to genius,—in genius alone had she faith. If the favoured artist were poor, Jenny gave credit and encouragement; she has, in truth, done more for the art than our three last ministers, all put together. But, alas! the Art has lost Jenny,—lost the finest and most beautiful model, but not without return and without hope.

And what has become of Jenny? She has experienced the good fortune which we should like to see attend every young, pretty, and virtuous woman; she has become rich and happy; and what good women always are, much respected, caressed, beloved. And though now a great lady, she has preserved her enthusiastic love of Art; in fact, has remained an artist. She has, it is true, exchanged her humble garments, her simple neckerchief and worn shawl, for diamonds, cachemires, embroidered dresses, and all the luxuries and refinements which wealth can procure. She has gloves of Venice for her white hands, the perfumes of the East for her soft skin, a title and servants; but hesitate not to approach. Amid all the surrounding pomp, there is still Jenny—Jenny the *Flower-girl*—Jenny the artist's model. If you are a great artist—if your name is Gerard, Ingres, Delaroche, or Vernet, when you want a woman's hand, Jenny will throw down her Venice gloves: or, should you need a bust, Jenny will take off her cachemire; if you are painting an *Atalanta*, and require a leg and foot of exquisite proportions, Jenny the Duchess will as readily lend you hers as did Jenny the *Flower-girl*; she is so natural, so ingenuous, so devoted to the Art,—loving beauty for its own sake, and pleased to be beautiful, because she can every where win admiration,—on canvass, in marble, in bronze, or in plaster. The Art, then, need not regret Jenny's fortune, since it is still her delight and happiness to belong to it. Art, indeed, has but lent her in marriage to a great lord, who is bound to restore her to the necessities of the artist as if it were by an express stipulation in the marriage contract.

Such is the simple and affecting history of Jenny the *Flower-girl*. I make no apology for introducing it here; for, does not the Beauty which inspires a great work of art deserve at least a share of the glory and the reward with the hand that executes it? But to conclude as I began:—Where else, in all the world, can be found a little being like this—ready for what may befall it—for sadness or gaiety, for smiles or tears, for self-denial of every kind, for labour or idleness, for vice or virtue,—supporting as well the extreme of enjoyment as of misery—her temper always alike under all the vicissitudes of fortune—as happy in coarse stuff as in the finest silk—as much at ease in the drawing-room as in the garret,—speaking or singing at once the language of the Versailles of Louis XIV. and that of the Paris Gardens of 1839;—now a stately lady of rank, now a laughing and frolicsome girl,—now poet or artist, now woman of the world,—now overflowing with spirits, now thoughtful and discreet,—now a coquet, now really in love,—always good-tempered and lively, and prepared for everything,—and, to sum up all in one word, the true, complete, and unique—*Grisette of Paris*?

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